

THE
WORKS
OF
Mr William Shakespear.

VOLUME the NINTH.

CONTAINING,
ROMEO AND JULIET.
HAMLET.
OTHELLO.
AND
A GLOSSARY.



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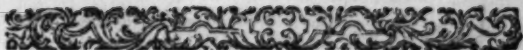


PROLOGUE

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PROLOGUE.

TWO Households, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, (where we lay our Scene)
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood make civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose mis-adventur'd piteous overthrows,
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remove,
Is now the two hours traffick of our stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young Nobleman in love with Juliet, and Kinsman to the Prince.*

MOUNTAGUE, } *Two Lords of ancient Families, Enemies*
CAPULET, } *to each other.*

ROMEO, *Son to Mountague.*

MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *Kinsman and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

Friar LAWRENCE.

Friar JOHN.

BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

Page to Paris.

SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, *Servant to Mountague.*

Apothecary.

PETER, *Servant to the Nurse.*

Lady MOUNTAGUE, *Wife to Mountague.*

Lady CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona, *several men and women relations to Capulet, Musicians, Maskers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona.*

The Plot taken from an Italian Novel of Bandello.



ROMEO *and* JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street in Verona.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers,
two Servants of the Capulets.*

Sam. GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry
coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd
to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of *Mountague* moves me.

Gre. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand:
therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will
take the wall of any man or maid of *Mountague's*.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave, for the weakest
goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakest
vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Mountague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to
the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their
men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew my self a tyrant: when

I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids ?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand : and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish : if thou hadst, thou hadst been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the house of the *Mountagues*.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out ; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How ? turn thy back and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry : I fear thee !

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides : let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir ?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say ay ?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir : but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir ? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better : here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam.

Romeo and Juliet.

9

Sam. Draw, if you be men, *Gregory*, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee: Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*]

Enter three or four Citizens with clubs.

Off. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down! Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a sword?

Cap. A sword, I say: old *Montague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Mountague and Lady Mountague.

Moun. Thou villain, *Capulet*— Hold me not, let me go.

La. Moun. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel—

Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,

With purple fountains issuing from your veins:

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.

Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,

And made *Verona's* ancient citizens

Cast by their grave befitting ornaments,

To wield old partizans in hands as old.

If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For

For this time all the rest depart away,
 You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me ;
 And, *Mountague*, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place :
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*]

SCENE II.

La. Moun. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach ;
 I drew to part them : In the instant came
 The fiery *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds ;
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the Prince came.

La. Moun. O, where is *Romeo* ? saw you him to-day ?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peep'd through the golden window of the East,
 A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad ;
 Where underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from this city side,
 So early walking did I see your son.
 Tow'rd him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood.
 I measuring his affections by my own,
 That most are busied when they're most alone,
 Pursued my humour, not pursuing him ;
 And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there been seen
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew ;
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should, in the farthest East, begin to draw
 The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed ;
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself ;

Shuts

Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Moun. Both by my self and many other friends;
But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes: so please you step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long!

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see path-ways to his ill!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What day was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love;

Why

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
 Oh any thing of nothing first create!
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Griefs of mine own lye heavy in my breast;
 Which thou wilt propagate to have them prest
 With more of thine; this love that thou hast shewn
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,
 Being vext, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears;
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet:
 Farewel, my cozen.

[*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I'll go along.

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. But I have lost my self, I am not here,
 This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is she you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will —

O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill —

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man; — and she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. But in that hit you miss; — she'll not be hit
 With *Cupid's* arrow; she hath *Dian's* wit:
 And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to faint-seducing gold.
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when she dies, with her dies beauty's store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.
For beauty starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; too wisely fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquisite) in question more:
Those happy masks that kiss fair Ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing fair?
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long;
But now, my Lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
 The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but her.
 But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part;
 If she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lyes my consent, and fair according voice:
 This night, I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love, and you among the store
 One more, o'th' welcome makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light,
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
 When well-apparell'd *April* on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female-buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
 Which on more view of many, mine being one
 May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
 Come go with me. Go, firrah, trudge about
 Through fair *Verona*, find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Ser. Find them out whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the taylor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. — In good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy and be help'd by backward turning,
 One desperate grief cure with another's languish:
 Take thou some new infection to the eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die;

1

Rom.

Romeo and Juliet.

15

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented; and — Good-e'en, good fellow.

[To the Servant.]

Ser. Godigi' good-e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I
pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye say honestly; rest you merry.

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

*Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters: Count An-
selm and his beauteous sisters; the Lady widow of Vitruvio;
Signior Placentio, and his lovely neices; Mercutio, and his
brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daugh-
ters; my fair niece Rosaline, Livia, Signior Valentio, and
his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Melena.*

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Ser. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To supper to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is
the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of
Mountagues, I pray come and crash a cup of wine. Rest
you merry. [Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's,
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all th' admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

B 2

Rom.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn fears to fires;
And those who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Her self pois'd with her self in either eye:
But in those chrystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your Lady-love against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV. Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth
to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head, (at twelve years old)
I bad her come; what, lamb! what, lady-bird! God forbid
— where's this girl? what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter — Nurse, give leave a
while, we must talk in secret; nurse, come back again, I
have remembred me, thou shalt hear my counsel: thou
know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my
teen be it spoken, I have but four,) she's not fourteen;
how long is it now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come
Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she
(God rest all Christian souls) were of an age. Well, Susan
is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on
Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she,
marry,

marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua* — nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-house — 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by th' rood, she could have run; and waddled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, (God be with his soul, a'was a merry man,) took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, *Julé*? and by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, *ay*; To see now how a jest shall come about. I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it stinted, and said, *ay*.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, *ay*; and yet I warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age; wilt thou not, *Julé*? it stinted, and said, *ay*.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace, Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd. An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*, How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse, I'd say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young Lady, Lady, such a man
As all the world — Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris's* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up, you
call'd, my young Lady ask'd for, the nurse curst in the
pantry, and every thing in extremity; I must hence to
wait, I beseech you follow. * [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V. *A Street before Capulet's House.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six other
Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Drummer.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper.
Nor a without-book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, 'fore our entrance.
But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles, I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

* ----- I beseech you follow.

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

Mer.

Romeo and Juliet.

19

Mer. Give me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor: what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grand-fire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well; what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. —In bed asleep; while they do dream things true.

Mer. O then I see Queen *Mab* hath been with you.
She is the fancy's mid-wife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart mens noses as they lye asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

* ----- and look on,

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;

Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickest

Up to the ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, we delay.

We burn our lights by night, like lamps by day. [Ed. I.]

Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits

Five times a day, ere once in her right wits. [Ed. I.]

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why? may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream, &c.

Made

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers;
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love;
 O'er courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies strait;
 O'er lawyers fingers, who strait dream on fees;
 O'er ladies lips, who strait on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry *Mab* with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
 And sometimes comes she with a tith-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson as he lyes asleep;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very *Mab*
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lye on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage:
 This, this is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
 Thou'lt talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasia,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind, who woos
 Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And being anger'd puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from our selves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom.

Romeo and Juliet.

21

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, still hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my suit! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[They march about the stage, and Exit.

SCENE VI. A Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Servants with napkins.

1 Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away?
he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Ser. When good manners shall lye all in one or two
mens hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Ser. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-
cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, save me a piece
of march-pane; and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in
Susan Grindstone, and *Nell*.—*Anthony*, and *Potpan*!

2 Ser. Ay, boy, ready.

1 Ser. You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and
sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Ser. We cannot be here and there too; cheerly, boys;
be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. *[Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter all the Guests and Ladies with the masks.

1 Cap. Gentlemen, welcome. Ladies that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty
I'll swear hath corns; am I come near ye now?
Welcome all, gentlemen; I've seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair Lady's ear,
Such as would please: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

[Musick plays, and they dance.

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay

Rom.

Nay fit, nay fit, good cousin *Capulet*,
 For you and I are past our dancing days :
 How long is't now since last your self and I
 Were in a mask ?

2 *Cap.* By'r Lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much ;
 'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
 Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more ; his son is elder, Sir :
 His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that ?
 His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What Lady's that which doth enrich the hand
 Of yonder Knight ?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright ;
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear :
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder Lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love 'till now ? forswear it, fight ;
 I never saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice should be a *Mountague*.
 Fetch me my rapier, boy : what ! dares the slave
 Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity ?
 Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you so ?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our foe :
 A villain that is hither come in spite,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't ?

Tyb. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
 He bears him like a portly gentleman ;

And

And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuoso and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance of a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest,
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd. *
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for shame)
I'll make you quiet — What? cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand [*To Juliet*,
This holy shrine, the gentle fine be this,
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. †

* --- He shall be endur'd.
What, Goodman-boy --- I say he shall. Go to ---
Am I the master here, or you? go to ---
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy --- is't so indeed?
This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what.
Be quiet, &c.

† --- turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:

Thus

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you:

Rom. What is her mother? [*To her Nurse.*

Nurse. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk withal:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night:
More torches here — come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, firrah, by my fay it waxes late.
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. That as I think is young *Petrucio*.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, &c.

Jul.

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now,
Of one I dar'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*

Nurse. Anon, anon —
Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now old desire doth on his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That Fair for which love groan'd fore and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new beloved any where.
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extream sweet. [*Exit.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The S T R E E T.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my cousin *Romeo*!

Mer. He is wise,

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.

Call, good *Mercutio*.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, *Romeo*! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh,

Speak but one Rhime, and I am satisfied.

Cry but *Ab me!* couple but love and dove,

Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,

One nick-name to her pur-blind son and heir,

VOL. IX.

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(Young

(Young *Abraham* * *Cupid*, he that shot so true,
 When King *Copbetua* lov'd the beggar-maid —)
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moves not,
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by *Rosaline's* bright eyes,
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesns that there adjacent lye,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
 That were some *Ipight*. My invocation is
 Honest and fair, and in his mistress' name
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be consoled with the hum'rous night:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
 Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone —
Romeo, good night; I'll to my truckle-bed;
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Capulet's Garden.

Enter *Romeo*.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound —
 But soft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and *Juliet* is the sun!

[*Juliet* appears above at a window.
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief

* This, probably, was a name stupidly given to *Cupid* in the old ballad here refer'd to of King *Copbetua* and the beggar-maid.

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
 Be not her maid since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off —
 She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it —
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
 Having some business, do intreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars;
 As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night:
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. An' me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh, speak again, bright angel, for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
 Unto the white upturned wondring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo — wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love;
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
 Thou'rt not thy self so, though a Mountague.
 What's Mountague? it is not hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face — nor any other part.
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet.
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,

Without that title ; *Romeo*, quit thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my self.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear saint, is hateful to my self,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague* ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore ?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt :
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack there lyes more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here ;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes :
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke — but farewell compliment :
Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say, ay,
And I will take thy word — yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers perjuries
They say *Jove* laughs. On gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo : but else not for the world.
In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light ;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion ; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb ;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love —

Jul. Well, do not swear — although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night ;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, *It lightens* — sweet, good night !
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet :

Good night, good night — as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

Anon, good nurse — Sweet Mountague, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid
Being in night all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam.*]

I come, anon — but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee — [*Within: Madam.*] By and by I
come —

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul!

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their books;

But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Enter

Romeo and Juliet.

31

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! *Romeo*, hift! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Taffel-gentle back again —
Bondage is hoarfe, and may not fpeak aloud ;
Elfe would I tear the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her airy tongue more hoarfe than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name ;
How filver-sweet found lovers tongues by night,
Like foftest mufick to attending ears !

Jul. *Romeo* !

Rom. My fweet !

Jul. At what a clock to-morrow
Shall I fend to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then, —
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me ftand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I fhall forget, to have thee ftill ftand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll ftill ftay to have thee ftill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almoft morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prifoner in his twifted gyves,
And with a filk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, fo would I ;

Yet I fhould kill thee with much cherifhing.

Good night, good night ! Parting is fuch fweet forrow,
That I fhall fay, *Good night*, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaft !

Would I were fleep and peace, fo fweet to reft !

Hence will I to my ghafly friar's clofe cell,

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Monastery.**Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
 And darkness flecker'd like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels.
 Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must fill up this orier cage of ours
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
 The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb,
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find:
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O mickle is the powerful grace, that lyes
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities,
 For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
 But to't the earth some special good doth give:
 Nor ought so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from's true birth stumbling on abuse.
 Virtue it self turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometime by action's dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that sense cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still
 In man, as well as herbs; Grace, and rude Will;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full-soon the canker death eat' up that plant.

*Enter Romeo.**Rom.* Good-morrow, father!*Fri.* Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet salutes mine ear?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleep will never lye;

But

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with *Rosaline* ?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father ? no.

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : but where hast thou been then ?

Rom. I tell thee ere thou ask it me again ;

I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lyes ;
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for lo
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet* ;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage : When, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy faint *Francis*, what a change is here !
Is *Rosaline*, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young mens love then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesus Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash't thy fallow cheeks for *Rosaline* ?
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste ?
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

If e'er thou wast thy self, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.

And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she whom I love now

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow :

The other did not so.

Fri. Oh, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be :

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow ; they stumble that run fast. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this *Romeo* be ? came he
not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a
letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he
dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead ! stabb'd with
a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a
love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind
bow-boy's butt-shaft ; and is he a man to encounter *Ty-*
balt ?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt* ?

Mer.

Mer. More than prince of cats * — Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause; ah the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the, hay! —

Pen. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents: — Jesu! a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good warrior! — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench, O their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchen-wench; (marry she had a better love to berhyme her) *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots; *Thybis* a gray eye or so: but now to the purpose; Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour!* there's a *French* salutation to your *French* sloop. †

* *Tybal* was the name given to a Cat of whom some famous acts were related in old ballads: as *Grimalkin* was another.

† --- to your *French* sloop. You gave us the counterfeits fairly last night.

Rom. What counterfeits did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, *Mercutio*, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curtsy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flower'd?

Mer.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both !

Enter Nurse and her Man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear : a fail ! a fail !

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter !

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, *Peter*.

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face ; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den ? fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den ?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are you ?

Mer. Sure wit ---- follow me this jest, now, 'till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, solely-singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest,

Solely singular, for the singleness !

Mer. Come between us, good *Benolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs,

Switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild goose chase, I am done : for thou hast more of the wild-geese in one of thy wits, than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose ?

Mer. O here's a wit of chevril, that stretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love ?

Now thou art sociable ; now art thou *Romeo* ; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature ; for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runsolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; for himself to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young *Romeo*?

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse,

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well?

Very well took, i'faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir,
I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho! *

Romeo. will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady:
Farewel, lady, lady, lady. *[Exeunt Mercutio, Benvolio.]*

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure. *[To her Man.]*

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I

* - - So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pyc, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in Lent. But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo. will you come, &c.

dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers — Scurvy knave ! Pray you, Sir, a word : and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out ; what she bid me say, I will keep to my self : but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young ; and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee —

Nurse. Good heart, and i'faith I will tell her as much : Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse ? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest ; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon,

And there she shall at friar *Lawrence*' cell
Be shriv'd and married : here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir ? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall :
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Now, God in heav'n bless thee ! hark you, Sir,

Rom. What sayest thou, my dear nurse ?

Nurse. Is your man secret ? did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady ;
Ford, Lord, when 'twas a little prating-thing — O, there
is a nobleman in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife
aboard ;

aboard ; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him : I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man ; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varfal world. Doth not rosemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter ?

Rom. Ay, nurse, what of that ? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker ! that's the dog's name. R. is not for thee, I know it begins with some other letter ; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady —

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Nurse. A thousand times. *Peter* !

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse : In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him — That's not so —

Oh, she is lame : love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine 'till twelve

Are three long hours, yet she is not come ;

Had she affections and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me ;

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes. What news ?

Hast thou met with him ? send thy man away.

Nurse. *Peter*, stay at the gate.

[*Exit Peter.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse —

O Lord, why look'st thou sad ?

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while ;

Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had !

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :

Nay come, I pray thee speak — Good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Give me some *Aqua vita*.

Jul. Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs excel all mens, and for a hand and a foot, and a body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesie, but I warrant him as gentle as a lamb — Go thy ways, wench, serve God — What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no — but all this did I know before: What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I? It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back a t'other side — O my back, my back:

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art so ill. Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And I warrant a virtuous — where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within; Where should she be? how oddly thou reply'st!

Your love says like an honest gentleman:

Where is your mother!

Nurse. O, God's Lady dear, Are you so hot? marry come up, I trow, Is this the poulitis for my aking bones? Hence, forward do your messages your self.

Jul. Here's such a coil; come, what says *Romeo*?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar *Lawrence*' cell, There stays a husband to make you a wife. Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks, They'll be in scarlet straitway at my news.

Romeo and Juliet.

41

Hie you to church, I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark,
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune; honest nurse, farewell! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which as they meet consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamour
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, - so light is vanity.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it; then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,

D 3

Brage

Brag of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work,
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
'Till holy church incorp'rate two in one. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.

Ben. **I** Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern elaps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and by the operation of a second cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast *hazel* eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would'spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrel'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun, Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben.

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.

Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou comfort'st with *Romeo* —

Mer. Comfort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! comfort! [*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,

Or reason coldly of your grievances,

Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze; I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery; Marry go first to field, he'll be your follower, Your Worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the love I bear thee can afford No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. *Tybalt*, the reason that I have to love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting: villain I am none,

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better that thou canst devise,

'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so, good *Capulet*, (which name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Ha! la flocata carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, * come, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, * nothing but one of your nine
lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you shall
use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make
haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.

[*Mercutio and Tybalt fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio* — beat down their weapons —
Gentlemen — for shame forbear this outrage —

Tybalt — *Mercutio* — the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streets.

Hold, *Tybalt* — good *Mercutio*.

[*Exit Tybalt.*

Mer. I am hurt —

A plague of both the houses! I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-
morrow, and you shall find me a grave man: I am pep-
per'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your
houses! What? a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch
a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights
by the book of arithmetic? why the devil came you be-
tween us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, *Benvolio*,
Or I shall faint; a plague o' both your houses!

* See the note p. 36.

They

Romeo and Juliet.

45

They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and soundly too — your houses ! [*Exe. Mer. Ben.*]

SCENE II.

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander ; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my cousin : O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valour's steel.

Enter Beaulio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead ;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend ;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Alive ? in triumph ? and *Mercutio* slain ?
Away to heav'n respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now !
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me ; for *Mercutio's* soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company :
Or thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that. [*They fight, Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone :

The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain —
Stand not amaz'd ; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken : hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O ! I am fortune's fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay ? [*Exit Romeo.*]

SCENE III. *Enter Citizens.*

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio* ?
Tybalt that murtherer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt*.

Cit.

They

Cit. Up, Sir, go with me :

I charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, their Wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :
There lyes the man, slain by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. *Tybalt* my cousin ! O my brother's child !
Unhappy fight ! alas, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman — Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Mountague*.

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this fray ?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did slay :
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure : all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio*'s breast ;
Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it : *Romeo*, he cries aloud,
Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and swifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio* ; and then *Tybalt* fled,
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning : for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain ;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly :
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,

And

Romeo and Juliet.

47

And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give ;
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio* ;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

La. Mount. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend,
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your heats' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding,
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none ; let *Romeo* hence in haste,
Else when he's found, that hour is his last:
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To *Phæbus*' mansion ; such a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That th' run-away's eyes may wink ; and *Romeo*
Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties : or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Plaid for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night, come, *Romeo* ! come, thou day in night !

For

And

For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back :
 Come, gentle night! come, loving, black-brow'd night!
 Give me my *Romeo*, and when he shall die
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it ; and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd ; so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news ; and every tongue that speaks
 But *Romeo's* name, speaks heav'nly eloquence ;
 Now, nurse, what news ? what hast thou there ? the cords
 That *Romeo* bid thee fetch ?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ah me, what news ? why dost thou wring thy hands ?

Nurse. Ah welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead !

We are undone, Lady, we are undone.—

Alack the day ! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious ?

Nurse. *Romeo* can,

Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo* ! *Romeo* !

Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo* ?

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus ?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath *Romeo* slain himself ? say thou but I,

And that bare vowel I, shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God save the mark, here on his manly breast.

A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse ;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood ; I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart !—poor bankrupt, break at once !

To prison, eyes ! ne'er look on liberty ;

Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had :
O courteous *Tybalt*, honest gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer Lord?
Then let the trumpet sound the general doom,
For who is living if those two are gone?

Nurse. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand shed *Tybalt*'s blood?

Nurse. It did, it did, alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face,
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven, wolfish-ravens lamb!

O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;

All, all forsworn; all naught; and all dissemblers.

Ah, where's my man? give me some *Aqua vitae* —

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old:

Shame come to *Romeo*!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish! he was not born to shame,

Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O what a beast was I to chide him so?

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah poor my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I thy three-hours-wife have mangled it!

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer up to joy.

My husband lives that *Tybalt* would have slain,
And *Tybalt's* dead that would have kill'd my husband;

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was worser than *Tybalt's* death,

That murder'd me; I would forget it fain,

But, oh! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!

That *banished*, that one word *banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,

Why follow'd not, when she said *Tybalt's* dead,

Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both*?

But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt's* death,

Romeo is banished — to speak that word,

Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,

All slain, all dead: — *Romeo is banished!*

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt's* corpse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*

To comfort you. I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;

I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence's* cell.

Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo*, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;

As-

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such low'r company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Than death it self. Do not say banishment.

Fri. Hence from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona's* walls,
But purgatory, torturing hell it self.
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. Then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroak that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is meer mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
O father, hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,

But banishment to torture me withal ?
 O Friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
 Howlings attend it : how hast thou the heart,
 Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
 To mangle me with that word banishment ?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak.

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy :
 To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet, banished ? hang up philosophy :
 Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
 Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more —

Fri. O then I see that mad-men have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no
 eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel :
 Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
 An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished ;
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

Fri. Arise, one knocks ; good *Romeo*, hide thy self.

[*Knock within.*]

Thou wilt be taken — stay a while — stand up ; [*Knock.*]

Run to my study — By and by — God's will !

What wilfulness is this — I come, I come. [*Knock.*]

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's your will ?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
 my errand :

I come from Lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
 Where is my Lady's Lord ? where's *Romeo* ?

Fri.

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case, O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! even so lyes she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, stand up; stand an you be a man:
For *Juliet's* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deep an —

Rom. Oh Nurse!

Nurse. Ah Sir, ah Sir! Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how does she? and what says
My concealed Lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murther her, as that name's cursed hand
Murther'd her kinsman. Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts do note
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.

Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy self?
And slay thy Lady too, that lives in thee?
What, rouse thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too.

The law that threatned death became thy friend,
 And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy.
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
 Happiness courts thee in her best array,
 But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her;
 But look thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*;
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse; commend me to thy Lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all night long,
 To hear good counsel: oh, what learning is!
 My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you that chances here:
 Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good-night!

Rom. But that's a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. *Capulet's House.*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, Sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter:
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tybal* dearly,
 And so did I — Well, we were born to die —
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

Par.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to wooe :
Madam, good-night, commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a separate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be rol'd
In all respects by me, nay, I not doubt it.
But soft ; what day is this ?

Par. Monday, my Lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! well, *Wednesday* is too soon,
On *Thursday* let it be : you shall be marry'd.
We'll keep no great a-do — a friend or two —
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday* ?

Par. My Lord, I would that *Thursday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone — on *Thursday* be it then :
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [To Lady Capulet.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewel, my Lord — light to my chamber, ho !
Good-night. [Exit.

SCENE VII. The Garden.

Enter *Romeo* and *Juliet* above at a window ; a
ladder of ropes set.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well :
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua* ;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom.

Rom. Let me then stay, let me be ta'en and die;
 If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow;
 I'll say it is the Nightingale that beats
 The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads,
 And not the Lark, the messenger of morn.
 Come death, and welcome: *Juliet* wills it so.
 What says my love? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;
 This doth not so: for she divideth us.
 * Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes,
 O now I wot they have chang'd voices too.
 O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. Farewel, my love: one kiss, and I'll descend.
 [*Romeo descends.*]

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your Lady mother's coming to your chamber:
 The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! Lord! ah husband! friend!
 I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
 For in a minute there are many days.
 O by this count I shall be much in years,
 Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
 For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;
 Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

* Alluding to the notion of the vulgar because the lark with a sweet pipe hath little ugly eyes, and the toad large and fine eyes but a dismal croaking voice.

Romeo and Juliet.

57

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you :
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu ! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle :
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith ? be fickle, fortune :
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up ?

Jul. Who is't that calls ? is it my Lady mother ?
What unaccustom'd cause provokes her hither ?

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet ?

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death ?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him. [*death,*]

Jul. What villain, Madam ?

La. Cap. That villain, *Romeo*.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder. [*Aside.*]

La. Cap. Content thee, girl. If I could find a man,
I soon would send to *Mantua* where he is,
And give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he should soon keep *Tybalt* company.

Jul. Find you the means, and I'll find such a man ;
For while he lives, my heart shall ne'er be light
'Till I behold him — dead — is my poor heart,
Thus for a kinsman vex.

La. Cap. Well, let that pass.

I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your Ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child ;
One, who to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden-day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul.

58. *Romeo and Juliet.*

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thursday* morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now by *St. Peter's* church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that must be husband comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my Lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do,
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. These are news indeed.

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so your self,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body
Sailing in this salt flood: the winds thy sighs,
Which raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body — How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks;
I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate.
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst *Thursday* next,
'To go with *Paris* to *St. Peter's* church;
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

La.

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what! are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!

I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thursday*,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me,
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her!

You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason — O, god-ye-good-den —
May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread, it makes me mad: day, night, late,
At home, abroad, alone, in company, [early,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeanour, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd as they say with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer, I'll not wed — I cannot love, —
I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me —
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee, Nor

Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good ;

Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief ?

O sweet my mother, cast me not away,

Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;

Or if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where *Tybalts* lyes.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :

Do as thou wilt ; for I have done with thee.

[Exit.

Jul. O God ! O nurse, how shall this be prevented ?

Alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as my self !

Nurse. 'Faith, here it is :

Romeo is banish'd ; all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you :

Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the Count.

Oh, 'faith, he is a lovely gentleman.

Romeo's a dish-clout to him ; an eagle, Madam,

Hath not so keen, so quick, so fair an eye

As *Paris* hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you happy in this second match,

For it excels your first ; or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,

As living hence, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. And from my soul,

Or else beshrew them both !

Jul. Amen.

Nurse. To what ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much ;

Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,

To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry I will, and this is wisely done.

[Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue

Which

Romeo and Juliet.

61

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? go, counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain:
I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.
If all else fail, my self have power to die.

[Exit,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

Fri. **O**N *Thursday*, Sir! the time is very short.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Eri. You say you do not know the Lady's mind:
Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalt's* death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she should give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by her self alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [*Aside*]
Look, Sir, here comes the Lady tow'rs my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on *Thursday* next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

VOL. IX.

F

Jul.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that :
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.

My Lord, I must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion !

Juliet, farewell, and keep this holy kiss ! [Exit Paris.]

Jul. Go shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know your grief ;
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thursday* next be married to this Count.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands ;

And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both :

Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel, or behold

'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring :

Speak now, be brief ; for I desire to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution,

As that is desp'rate which we would prevent,

If rather than to marry County *Paris*

Thou

Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy self,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That copes with death himself; to 'scape from it;
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top;
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, *Juliet*: hie thee home, get thee to bed:
(Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy chamber:)
And when thou art alone, take thou this vial,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsie humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; the eyes windows fall
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be born to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
In the mean time; against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift;

And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell not me of fear.

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve; I'll send a Friar with speed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewel, dear father——

SCENE II. Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three
Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?

Nurse. Ay forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her;
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from her confession.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you been
gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go, tell him of this,

* ---- twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their
fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers:
therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.

We shall be much, &c.

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning;

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence's* cell;
And gave him what becoming love I might;
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, stand up;
This is as't should be; let me see the County:
Ay, marry, go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet;
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thursday*; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about;
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife;
Go thou to *Juliet*; help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to-night; let me alone:

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk my self
To County *Paris*; to prepare him up

Against to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Lady Capulet*]

SCENE III. *Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee leave me to my self to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heav'ns to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busie, do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow;
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;

For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night;
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. *[Exeunt.]*

Jul. Farewel — God knows, when we shall meet again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse! — what should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

Come, vial.

—What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?

No, no, this shall forbid it; lye thou there —

[Pointing to a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the Friar
Subtly hath ministred, to have me dead.

Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man. —

How, if when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in?

Or if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place

(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packt;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lyes fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort —)

Alas, alas! is it not like, that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals hearing them run mad —

Oh! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

(Invironed

Romeo and Juliet.

67

(Invironed with all these hideous fears,) And madly play with my fore-fathers joints, And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shroud? And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains? O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost Seeking out *Romeo* — Stay, *Tybalt*, stay! *Romeo*, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws her self on the bed.*]

SCENE IV. Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crow'd, The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three a-clock: Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*. Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cotquean, go; Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; what! I have watch'd ere now All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time, But I will watch you, from such watching, now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood — Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste, firrah, fetch drier logs, Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs, And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Mass and well said, a merry whorson, ha! Thou shalt be logger-head — good faith, 'tis day. The County will be here with musick straight, For so he said he would. I hear him near. [*Play Musick.* *Nurse!* — wife! — what, ho! what, nurse, I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haste,
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt Capulet and Nurse severally.*]

SCENE V. *Juliet's Chamber.*

Juliet on a bed, Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what; mistress! *Juliet* — Fast, I warrant her;

Why, lamb — why, Lady — Fie, you slug-a-bed —
Why, love; I say — Madam, sweet-heart — why, bride —
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little — God forgive me —
Marry and amen — How sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed —
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What, drest, and in your cloaths, — and down again?
I must needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady —
Alas! alas! help! help! my Lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua vitae*, ho! my Lord; my Lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, — oh heavy day!

La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:

Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead! alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me see her — Out alas, she's cold,

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,

Life and these lips have long been separated:

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of the field.

Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Romeo and Juliet.

69

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before the wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: see, there she lyes,
Flower as she was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my son-in-law. —

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
Most miserable hour, that Time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nurse. Oh woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
Oh woful day! oh woful day!

Fri. Oh peace for shame — your daughter lives in peace
And happiness, and it is vain to wish
It otherwise. Heav'n and your self had part
In this fair maid, now heaven hath her all —
Come stick your rosemary on this fair corpse,
And, as the custom of our country is,
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments
Convey her where her ancestors lye tomb'd.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
And bridal flow'rs serve for a buried corpse.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Manent Musicians and Nurse.*

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows: ah, put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitiful case. [Exit Nurse.]

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter

Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, oh musicians, *heart's ease, heart's ease* :
oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. Oh musicians, because my heart it self plays my
heart is full of woes. O play me some merry dump, to
comfort me !

Mus. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then ?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No mony, on my faith ; I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you,
do you note me ?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit, answer me like men !
When griping grief the heart doth wound,

Then musick with her silver sound —

Why *silver sound* ? why *musick with her silver sound* ?

What say you, *Simon Catling* ?

Mus. Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty ! what say you, *Hugh Rebeck* ?

2 Mus. I say *silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty tob ! what say you, *Samuel Sound-board* ?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the *singer*, I will say
for you. It is *musick with her silver sound*, because such
fellows as you have no gold for sounding. [*Exit.*]

Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same ?

2 Mus. Hang him, *Jack* ! come, we'll in here, tarry
for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA. *Enter Romeo.*

IF I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.

Romeo and Juliet.

71

I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love it self possest,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from *Verona* — How now, *Balthasar*?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet*? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in *Capulet's* monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus,
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal. No, good my Lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses, I'll be with thee straight. [*Exit Bal.*]
Well, *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to-night;
Let's see for means — O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men.
I do remember an Apothecary,

And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff, and other skins

Of

Of ill-shap'd fishes, and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes ;
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
 Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.
 Noting this penury, to my self I said,
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house.
 Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man, I see that thou art poor ;
 Hold, there is forty ducats, let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
 As will disperse it self thro' all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang on thy back :
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law ;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich,
 Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off, and if you had the strength
 Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to mens souls,
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world,

Than

Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence to him.

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar John,
Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick;
And finding him, the searchers of the town
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it; here it is again;
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,* but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it. [Exit.]

Law. Now must I to the monument alone:
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will bestrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell 'till Romeo come.
Poor living corpse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.]

* By nice here is meant thin, slight, of little substance.

Romeo and Juliet.

SCENE III.

A Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris and his Page, with a light.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee: go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone

Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. *[Exit.*

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew:

[Strewing flowers.

Fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and being dead
With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb. *[The Boy whistles,*
—The boy gives warning, something doth approach,—
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

SCENE IV.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a light.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,

And

Romeo and Juliet.

75

And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs ;
The time and my intents are savage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
Live and be prosp'rous, and farewell, good fellow !

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Balthasar retires.*]

Rom. Thou maw detestable, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the monument.*]

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banish'd haughty *Mountague*
That murder'd my love's cousin ; (with which grief
It is supposed the fair creature dy'd.)

And here is come to do some villainous shame

To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Mountague* ;

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee ;

Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither. —

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man,

Fly hence and leave me : think upon those gone,

Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,

Pull not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury. Oh be gone !

By heav'n, I love thee better than my self ;

For I come hither arm'd against my self.

Par. I do defie thy commiseration,

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight, Paris falls.*]

Page. [*Without.*] Oh Lord, they fight ! I will go call

Par. Oh I am slain ; if thou be merciful, [the Watch,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet.* [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will : let me peruse this face —

Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County Paris!
 What said my man, when my beloved soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think
 He told me *Paris* should have married *Juliet*.
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
 To think it was so? Oh give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour Misfortune's book,
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.
 For here lyes *Juliet* — Oh my love, my wife!
 Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To funder his that was thy enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin. — Ah dear *Juliet*,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct! come, unfavoury guide!
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark:
 Here's to my love! oh true apothecary! [*Drinks the poison.*]
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Enter

Romeo and Juliet.

77

Enter Friar Lawrence with lantern, crow, and spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the *Capulets* monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy Sir,
And there's my master, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. *Romeo*.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, Sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. *Romeo*!

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and goary swords
To lye discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo! oh pale! who else? what, *Paris*, too?
And steep'd in blood? ah what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Jul. [*Awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be;
And there I am; but where is *Romeo*?

Fri. I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict,

Hath thwarted our intents ; come, come away ;
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lyes dead,
 And *Paris* too — Come, I'll dispose of thee,
 Among a sisterhood of holy Nuns :

Stay not to question, for the Watch is coming. *[Exit.*

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
 What's here ? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand :
 Poison I see hath been his timeless end.
 Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
 To help me after ? I will kiss thy lips,
 Haply some poison yet doth hang on them ;
 Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy ; which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ?

Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger ! *[Finding a dagger.*
 This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die. *[Kills herself.*

Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search the Church-yard,
 about ;

Go some of you, whome'er you find attach.

[Exeunt some of the Watch.

Pitiful sight ! here lyes the County slain,
 And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried.
 Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
 Raise up the *Mountagues*, some others search —

Enter some of the Watch with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man, we found him in the
 church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Friar and a third Watchman.

3 Watch. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and weeps :
 We took this mattock and this spade from him,
 As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion : stay the Friar too.

SCENE V.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,

That

That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris* ; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears ?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead mens tombs.

Cap. Oh heav'n ! oh wife, look how our daughter bleeds !
This dagger hath mista'en, for lo the sheath
Lyes empty on the back of *Mountague*,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Mountague.

Prince. Come, *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early fallen.

Moun. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to-night,
Grief of my son's exile hath stop'd her breath :
What further woe conspires against my age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place

Do make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
My self condemned, and my self excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this,

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet* ;
And she there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was *Tybalt's* dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill her self.
Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I write to *Romeo*,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease,
But he which bore my letter, *Friar John*,
Was staid by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back ; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came (some minutes ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreat her to come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she too desp'rate would not go with me,

But, as it seems, did violence on her self.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: but if ought in this
Miscalried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before its time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for an holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his Lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Mountague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd!

Cap. O brother Mountague, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known,
Therea

There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his lady lye ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,

The sun for sorrow will not shew his head ;
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things ;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.

For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



Romeo and Juliet

There shall no figure at that rate be set

a figure even and similar to mine

As this shall Romeo be his lady is

For I am of your country

Of course A bloody cross that mortally with it

It is the first of love with me, that has been

It shall be so, and some painted

It is a cross that is of love and

It is a cross that is of love and

H A M L E T,

PRINCE of *DENMARK.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

HAMLET, *son to the former, and Nephew to the present, King.*

POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *Son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSINCROSSE,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRICK, *a Fop.*

MARCELLUS, *an Officer.*

BERNARDO,

FRANCISCO,

REYNOLDO, *Servant to Polonius.*

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius, belov'd by Hamlet.*

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE ELSENOOR.

*This Story is taken from the Danish History written
by Saxo Grammaticus.*

HAM-

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Platform before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

Ber. **W**HO's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand and unfold your self.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, *Francisco*.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.

If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

The rivals* of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. Oh farewell, honest soldier; who hath reliev'd you?

* By rivals of my watch are meant those who were to watch upon the next adjoining ground. Rivals in the original sense of the word were proprietors of neighbouring lands parted only by a brook belonging equally to both.

86 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good-night.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Mar. *Holla! Bernardo!*

Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but our phantasia,

And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;

Therefore I have intreated him along

With us, to watch the minutes of this night,

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story.

Mar. What we have two nights seen —

Hor. Well, fit we down,

And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Bel. Last night of all,

When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,

Had made his course t' illumine that part of heav'n

Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,

The bell then beating *One* —

Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghost.

Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,

In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*

Did sometime march? by Heav'n I charge thee, speak.

Mar.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 87

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than phantasmie?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self.

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the fleaded *Polack* on the ice.

'Tis strange —

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk, hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subjects of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(There to prick'd on by a most emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight: in which our valiant *Hamlet*
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by seal'd compact,

88 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Well ratified by law of heraldry,
 Did forfeit (with his life) all those his lands,
 Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conqueror :
 Against the which, a moiety competent
 Was gaged by our King ; which had return
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 Had he been vanquisher, as by that cov'nant
 And carriage of the articles design'd,
 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
 Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
 For food and dyet, to some enterprize
 That hath a stomach in't : which is no other,
 As it doth well appear unto our state,
 But to recover of us by strong hand
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost : and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so :
 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch so like the King
 That was, and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and * palmy state of *Rome*,
 A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets,
 Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
 Disasters veil'd the sun, and the moist star
 Upon whose influence *Neptune's* empire stands,
 Was sick almost to doom's-day with eclipse.
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen'd coming on,
 Have heav'n and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and country-men.

* *Palmy* for *victorious*.

Enter

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 89

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!

[Spreading his arms.]

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me;
Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
Oh speak! —

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and speak — Stop it, *Marcellus* —

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here —

Hor. 'Tis here —

Mar. 'Tis gone. *[Exit Ghost.]*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the shew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that even 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad,

Enter

90 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike;
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

*Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius,
Lords and Attendants.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along; (for all, our thanks!)
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame;
Colloqued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,

Im-

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 91

Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, by all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
 Now for our self; and for this time of meeting:
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ
 To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
 His further gate herein; in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subjects; and we here dispatch
 You, good *Cornelius*, and you, *Voltimand*,
 For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 Of treaty with the King, more than the scope
 Which these dilated articles allow.
 Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit. What is't, *Laertes*?
 You cannot speak of reason to the *Dane*,
 And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 The blood is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than to the Throne of *Denmark* is thy father.
 What would'st thou have, *Laertes*?

Laer. My dread Lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
 From whence though willingly I came to *Denmark*
 To shew my duty in your coronation;
 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again tow'rd *France*,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what says *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by labour some petition,
 Wrung from me, my slow leave; and at the last
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.

920 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. H

I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will;
But now, my cousin *Hamlet*, and my son —

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. *

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord, I am too much i' th' sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,

Seek for thy noble father in the dust;

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not seems:

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,

That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within, which passeth shew:

These, but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But you must know, your father lost a father,

That father his, and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere

In obstinate condolment, is a course

Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief,

It shews a will most incorrect to heav'n;

A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient;

* It is not unreasonable to suppose that this was a proverbial expression known in former times for a Relation so blended and confused that it was hard to define it.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 93

An understanding simple, and unschool'd :
 For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theam
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first coarse, 'till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This unavailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father: for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 And with't no less nobility of love,
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
 In going back to school to *Wittenberg*,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet*;
 I pr'ythee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
 Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling at my heart; in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell it;
 And the King's rowse the heavens shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Manet Hamlet.*

Ham. Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve it self into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh God! oh God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world?
 Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden

94 · HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

That grows to feed ; things rank, and gross in nature
 Possess it meerly. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead ! nay, not so much ; not two,—
 So excellent a King, that was to this,
Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother,
 That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth !
 Must I remember ?—why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on ; yet within a month !—
 Let me not think — Frailty, thy name is woman !
 A little month ! —or e'er those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like *Niobe*, all tears—Why she, ev'n she,—
 Oh heav'n ! a beast that wants discourse of reason
 Would have mourn'd longer — married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father,
 Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month !—
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets :
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

SCENE IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well ;

Horatio, or I do forget my self.

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you
 And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio* ?

Marcellus ! —

Mar. My good Lord —

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good morning, Sir.
 But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg* ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it trust of your own report

Against your self. I know you are no truant ;

But what is your affair in *Elfinoor* ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio* : the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heav'n,

Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio* !

My father — methinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh where, my Lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ? —

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father !

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear ; 'till I deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heav'n's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcullus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-a-pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them ; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliver'd, both in time,

96 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Form of the thing, each word made true and good;
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, upon the platform where we watcht;

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once methought

It lifted up its head, and did address

It self to motion, like as it would speak:

But even then the morning cock crew loud;

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to-night?

Botb. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Botb. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Botb. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh yes, my Lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like; staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Botb. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzly?

Hor.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 97

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A fable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be treble in your silence still;
And whatsoever shall befall to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*]

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come;
'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are imbarc'd, farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Opb. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; tho' sweet, not lasting;
The perfume, and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Opb. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as the temple waves,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,

VOL. IX,

I

And

98 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

And now no foil nor cautel doth besmirtch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The sanity and health of the whole state:
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he's head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, *Opbelia*, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The charest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue it self 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lyes in fear;
Youth to it self rebels, though none else near.

Opb. I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n;
Whilst like a puffed and careless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reckes not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

SCENE VI. *Enter Polonius.*
I stay too long; — but here my father comes:

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 99

A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* get aboard for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There — my blessing with you ;
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act :
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel :
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
Bear't that th' oppos'd may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear ; but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure ; but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both it self and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all ; to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewel ; my blessing season this in thee !

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time invites you, go ; your servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Opbelia*, and remember well
What I have said.

Opb. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

[*Exit Laer.*]

Pol. What is't, *Opbelia*, he said to you ?

Opb. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry, well bethought !

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

100 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Given private time to you ; and you your self
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous,
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand your self so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you ? give me up the truth.

Opb. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unfitted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

Opb. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I'll teach you ; think your self a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender your self more dearly ;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

Opb. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call't : go to, go to.

Opb. And hath giv'n count'nance to his speech, my Lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
Ev'n in their promise as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence,
Set your intreatments * at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young ;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Opbelia*,
Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But meer implorers of unholy suits,

* Intreatments is the same as Treatments, and signifies here, the manner of your being treated by him.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 101

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your way,

Opp. I shall obey, my Lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. The Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[Noise of warlike musick within.]

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rowley;
Keeps wassel, and the swagg'ring upstart reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay marry is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.*

* The 20 lines following are in the first edition, but since left out, perhaps as being thought too verbose.

This heavy headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens

102 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable † shape,

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,

King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! answer me,

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell

Why thy bones hearts'd in canonized earth,

Have burst their cearments? why the sepulcher,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble-jaws,

To cast thee up again? What may this mean?

That thou, dead corpse, again in compleat steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous; and us fools of nature,

So horribly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,

As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action

It waves you to a more removed ground:

But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [Holding Hamlet.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

The form of plausible manners; that these men

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,

(Being nature's lively, or fortune's star)

Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may undergo,

Shall in the general censure take corruption

From that particular fault.

Enter Ghost, &c.

† By questionable is meant, inviting question, provoking question.

Ham.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 103

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;

And for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as it self ?

It waves me forth again. — I'll follow it —

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord ?

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,

That beetles o'er his base into the sea ;

And there assume some other horrible form,

Which might deprave your sov'reignty of reason,

And draw you into madness ? think of it.

The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into ev'ry brain

That looks so many fadoms to the sea,

And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still : go on, I'll follow thee —

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve :

Still am I call'd ? unhand me, gentlemen —

[*Breaking from them*]

By heav'n I'll make a ghost of him that lets me —

I say, away — go on — I'll follow thee —

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him ;

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmark*.

Hor. Heav'n will direct it,

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me ? speak ; I'll go no

further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must

104 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear,

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's spirit;

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day, confin'd to fast in fires;

'Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood;

Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres;

Thy knotty and combined locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand on end

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

'That rots it self in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,

Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:

'Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,

A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown.

Ham.

Ham. O my prophetick soul ! my uncle ?

Gboſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(Oh wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce !) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there !
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe nat'ral gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine !

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n ;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate it ſelf in a celeftial bed,
And prey on garbage ——
But ſoft, methinks I ſcent the morning air ——
Brief let me be ; Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always in the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment ; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and alleys of the body ;
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and whoſome blood : ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.

Thus was I ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of Queen at once diſpatcht ;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd ;
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible ! oh horrible ! moſt horrible !

106 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not ;
 Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest. All
 But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught ; leave her to heav'n,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once !
 The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
 Adieu, adieu, adieu ; remember me. [Exit.]

Ham. Oh all you host of heav'n ! oh earth ! what else ?
 And shall I couple hell ? oh hold, my heart —
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old ;
 But bear me stiffly up ; remember thee —
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe ; remember thee —
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there ;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmixt with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n !
 Oh most pernicious woman !
 Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain !
 My tables, — meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
 At least I'm sure it may be so in *Denmark*. [Writing.]
 So, uncle, there you are ; now to my word ;
 It is, *Adieu, adieu, remember me :*
 I've sworn it —

SCENE IX. Enter *Horatio and Marcellus.*

Hor. My Lord, my Lord !

Mar. Lord *Hamlet* !

Hor. Heav'n secure him !

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord !

Ham.

Whe

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 107

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ; come, bird, * come.

Mar. How is't, my noble Lord ?

Hor. What news, my Lord ?

Ham. Oh wonderful !

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heav'n.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think
But you'll be secret ? — [it ?

Botb. Ay, by heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he is an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right, you are i' th' right ;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part ;
You as your business and desires shall point you,
(For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is) and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily ;
Yes, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by *St. Patrick*, but there is, my Lord,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here —
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my Lord ?

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Botb. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

* This is the Call which Falconers use to their Hawk in the air,
when they would have him come down to them.

Mar.

108 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith,

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We've sworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Gboſt. Swear. [*Gboſt cries under the ſtage.*]

Ham. Ah ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo ? art thou there, true-penny ?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.

Conſent to ſwear.

Hor. Propoſe the oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,

Swear by my ſword.

Gboſt. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique* ? then we'll ſhift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my ſword.

Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard,

Swear by my ſword.

Gboſt. Swear.

Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, can'ſt work i'th' ground ſo faſt ?

A worthy pioneer ! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night ! but this is wondrous ſtrange.

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in our philoſophy.

But come,

Here, as before, never, ſo help you mercy,

How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear my ſelf,

(As I perchance hereafter ſhall think meet

To put an antick diſpoſition on)

That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,

With arms encumbred thus, or this head-ſhake,

Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,

As, well — we know — or, we could, an if we would —

Or, if we liſt to ſpeak — or, there be, an if there might —

Or ſuch ambiguous giving out, denote

That you know aught of me ; this do ye ſwear,

So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you !

Swear.

Gboſt. Swear.

Ham.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 109

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do t' express his love and friendship to you,
God willing, shall not lack; let us go in:
And still your fingers on your lips I pray.
The time is out of joint; oh cursed spight,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [Exit.

ACT H. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

Pol. GIVE him this money, and these notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my Lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynoldo*,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me first what *Dansters* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus — I know his father and his friends,
And in part him — Do you mark this, *Reynoldo*?

Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him — but you may say — not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so — and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my Lord —

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

110 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Quarrelling, drabbing. — You may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge ;
You must not put an utter scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning ; but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty ;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good Lord —

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift,

And I believe it is a fetch of wit.

You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' th' working,
Mark you your party in converse, him you would sound ;
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you speak of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence ;
Good Sir, or Sir, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.)

Rey. Very good, my Lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this ;

He does — what was I about to say ?

I was about to say something, where did I leave ? —

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence — Ay marry,
He closes thus. I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, with such and such, and, as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowse,
There falling out at tennis ; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth. — See you now ;
Your bait of falshood takes this carp of truth ;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of byas,

By

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* III

By indirections find directions out :
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son ; you have me, have you not ?

Rey. My Lord, I have.

Pol. God b' w' you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good my Lord —

Pol. Observe his inclination e'en your self.

Rey. I shall, my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II. *Enter Ophelia.*

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter ?

Opb. Alas, my Lord, I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n ?

Opb. My Lord, as I was sowing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors ; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Opb. My Lord, I do not know ;
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Opb. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time staid he so ;
At last, a little shaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. Then he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last, bended their light on me.

112 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecstasie of love;
Whose violent property foredoes it self,
And leads the will to desp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Opp. No, my good Lord; but as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he trifled
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King.
This must be known, which being kept close, might move
More grief to hide hate, than to utter love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

*Enter King, Queen, Rosincrosse, Guildenstern, Lords and
other Attendants.*

King. Welcome, dear Rosincrosse and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasions you may glean,
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,

That

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 113

That open'd lyes within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you:
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Rosincrosse* and gentle *Guildestern*.

Queen. Thanks, *Guildestern* and gentle *Rosincrosse*;
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go some of ye,
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I my Lord? assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* lunacy.

King. Oh speak of that, that I do long to hear,

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors.
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit Polonius,*

He

114 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

He tells me, my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome, my good friends!

Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the *Polack*:

But better lookt into, he truly found

It was against your Highness. Whereat griev'd,

That so his sickness, age, and impotence

Was falsely born in hand, sends out arrests

On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys,

Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle, never more

To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.

Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,

And his commission to employ those soldiers,

So levied as before, against the *Polack*:

With an entreaty, herein further shewn,

That it might please you to give quiet pass

Through your dominions for this enterprize

On such regards of safety and allowance,

As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,

And think upon an answer to this business.

Mean time we thank you for your well-took labour.

Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together.

Most welcome home! [*Exeunt Ambas.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate

What Majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

There-

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 115

Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief; your noble son is mad.
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all:
That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity it is, 'tis true; a foolish figure,
But farewell it; for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus,
Perpend —

I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and surmise.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Ophelia. That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is
a vile phrase; but you shall hear — *These to her excellent*
white bosom, these —

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the stars are fire, [Reading.

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt, I love.

Oh dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art
to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, oh most best,
believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this

Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me:
And, more above, hath his solicitings
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King.

116 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think?

When I had seen his hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think?
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy sphere,
This must not be; and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell to a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watching, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise;

[*Pointing to his head and body.*]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walks for hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;

Be

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 117

Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

SCENE V. *Enter Hamlet reading.*

Queen. But look where, sadly, the poor wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.

I'll board him presently. [*Exeunt King and Queen.*]

Oh give me leave: how does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to
be one pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,

Being a God kissing carrion —

Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' sun; conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend,
look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter—
Yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger.

He is far gone; and truly in my youth, [*Aside.*]

I suffer'd much extremity for love;

Very near this. I'll speak to him again.

What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the satyrical slave says here,
that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrin-

kled;

118 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

kled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plumb-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down: for, your self, Sir, shall be but as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't: Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' air: How pregnant (sometimes) his replies are? A happiness that often madness hits on, Which sanity and reason could not be So prosp'rously deliver'd of. I'll leave him, And suddenly contrive the means of meeting Between him and my daughter. My honourable Lord, I will most humbly Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to seek Lord Hamlet; there he is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Rosencrosse and Guildenstern.

Ros. God save you, Sir.

Guil. Mine honour'd Lord!

Ros. My most dear Lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! how dost thou, *Guil*—
Oh, *Rosencrosse*! good lads, how do ye both? [*denstern?*]

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe.

Ros. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle
of her favours?

Guil. Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? oh, most true;
she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 119

Ros. None, my Lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worst.

Ros. We think not so, my Lord.

Ham. Why then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count my self a King of infinite space; were it not that I have had dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream it self is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and out-stretch'd heroes the beggars shadows; Shall we to th' Court? for by my fay, I cannot reason.

Botb. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my servants: for to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfsnoor*?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-penny. Were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing but to the purpose. You were sent for;

Ros. To be so much over thank'd, and

120 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Gul. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; nor woman neither, tho' by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, *man delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players shall receive from you; we accosted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight shall

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 121

shall use his foyle and target; the lover shall not sigh *gratis*; the humourous man shall end his part in peace; and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so follow'd?

Ros. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an * Aiery of Children, little eyas's, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapt for't; these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they Children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarr them on to controversy. There was for a while no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

* Relating to the playhouses then contending, the *Bankside*, the *Fortune*, &c. --- play'd by the Children of his Majesty's chappel.

122 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. It is not strange ; for mine uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Fleurish for the Players.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elfsnoor* ; your hands, come then ; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony, let me complement with you in this garbe, lest my extent to the players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome ; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord ?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-west : when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a heronshaw.

SCENE VII. *Enter Polonius.*

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen !

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenstern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer ; that great baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Ros. Haply he's the second time come to them ; for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesie, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it ; — you say right, Sir ; for on Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

When *Roscious* was an actor in *Rome* —

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzzze, buzzze.

Pol. Upon mine honour —

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass —

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light : for the law of wit and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 123

Ham. O *Jephtha*, judge of *Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. *Why one fair daughter, and no more,
The which he lov'd passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot — and then you know, it came to pass, as most like it was; the first row of the *Pont-chansons* * will shew you more. For look where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, masters, welcome all: I am glad to see you well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valinc'd since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*? What, my young Lady and mistress? O berlad, your Ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring. — Masters, you are welcome; we'll e'en to't like *French* faulconers, fly at any thing we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the general; but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cryed in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said, there was no salt in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affectation,

* *Pont-chansons* is the *French* word for Street-ballads, to some collection of which *Hamlet* refers *Polonius* after repeating some scraps of rhymes out of them.

124 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

but call'd it, an honest method. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas'* tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see—The rugged *Pyrrbus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beast—It is not so—it begins with *Pyrrbus*.

The rugged *Pyrrbus*, he whose fable arms
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse;
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horribly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrbus*
Old grandfire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too short at *Greeks*. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lyes where it falls
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrbus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrbus'* ear. For lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' air to stick:
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrbus* stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the heav'ns, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder

Doth

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 125

Doth rend the region : so after *Pyrrbus*' pause,
A rowled vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the *Cyclops*' hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than *Pyrrbus*' bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou strumpet fortune ! all you Gods,
In general synod take away her power !
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
A low as to the fiends !

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee
say on ; he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.
Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

1 Play. But who, oh, who had seen the mobled Queen, —

Ham. The mobled Queen ?

Pol. That's good ; mobled Queen, is good.

1 Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum ; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe
About her lank and all o'er-tèrmed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up :
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd ;
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrbus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs ;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made melt the burning eyes of heav'n,
And passioned the Gods.

Pol. Look if he has not turned his colour, and has not
tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this
soon. Good my Lord, will you see the players will be-
stow'd ? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd : for they are
the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your
death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill
report while you liv'd.

126 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodikins, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [Exit Polonius.]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't; could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elfinoor*.

Ref. Good my Lord.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VIII. *Manet Hamlet.*

Ham. Ay so, God b'w' ye: now I am alone,
Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I?
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing:
For *Hecuba*:

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears.——
Yet I say nothing; no, not for a King,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 127

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-crofs,
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the lie i'th' throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
 Yet I should take it ——— for it cannot be
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 Why, what an ass am I? this is most brave,
 That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
 Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drab ———
 A cullion! ———fye upon't! about, my brain! ———
 I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be the devil, and the devil hath power
 T' assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits)
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: the play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrosse,
 Guildenstern, and Lords.*

King. **A**ND can you by no drift of conference
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
 Grating

128 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Most free of question, but to our demands
Niggard in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him unto any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-took on the way; of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Opbelia*. Her father, and my self,
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:

And for my part, *Opbelia*, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 129

Of Hamlet's wildness. So I hope your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Opp. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.]

Pol. *Opbelia*, walk you here. Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow our selves: — read on this book;
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. Oh it is but too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience! [*Aside.*]
The harlot's cheek beautied with plaist'ring art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my Lord.
[Exeunt all but Ophelia.]

SCENE II. *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question —
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,*
And by opposing end them. — To die — to sleep —
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die — to sleep —
To sleep — perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub —
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns

* Instead of a 'sea of troubles' perhaps *Shakespeare* wrote *assailing troubles*, which would preserve a propriety in the metaphor.

That

130 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

That patient merit of th' unworthy takes ;
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose borne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all :
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is ficklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry
 And lose the name of action. — Soft you now, [*Seeing Oph.*
 The fair *Opbelia* ! nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remembered !

Opb. Good my Lord,

How does your Honour for this many a day ?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Opb. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed much to re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught.

Opb. My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did,
 And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
 As made the things more rich : that perfume lost,
 Take these again ; for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind,
 There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Opb. My Lord —

Ham. Are you fair ?

Opb. What means your Lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit
 no discourse to your beauty.

Opb. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce
 than with honesty ?

Ham. Ay truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner
 transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd ; than the
 force

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 131

force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Opb. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I lov'd you not.

Opb. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us — Go thy ways to a nunnery — Where's your father?

Opb. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Opb. Oh help him, you sweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny — Get thee to a nunnery — farewel — Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them — To a nunnery, go — and quickly too: farewel.

Opb. Heav'nly powers! restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make your self another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit Hamlet.*]

Opb. Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,

The

132 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down !
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his musick vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasie. Oh woe is me,
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

SCENE III. *Enter King and Polonius.*

King. Love ! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which how to prevent,
I have in quick determination

Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected tribute :
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Opbelia* ?
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please ;
But if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To shew his griefs ; let her be round with him :
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If she find him not,
To *England* send him ; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 133

SCENE IV.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech I pray you, as I pronounce'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirl-wind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I could have such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing termagant; it out-berods *Herod*. Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for any thing so over-done is from the purpose of playing; whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this over-done or come tardy off though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of one of which, must in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of christian, nor the gate of christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be

134 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

considered : That's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrosse, and Guildenstern.

How now, my Lord ? will the King hear this piece of work ?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them ?

Both. We will, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Enter Horatio to Hamlet.*

Ham. What ho ! *Horatio !*

Hor. Here, sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. Oh my dear Lord —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter :

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and cloath thee ? Should the poor be flatter'd ?
No let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
As one, in suffering all that suffers nothing:
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core : ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle ; if his occult guilt

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 135

Do not it self unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen :
And my imaginations are as foul
As *Vulcan's* smithy. Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join,
To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my Lord.

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrosse, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with a Guard carrying torches. Danish march. Sound a flourish.

Ham. They're coming to the play ; I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's dish : I eat
the air, promise-cramm'd : you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, *Hamlet*, these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now, my Lord. You plaid once
i' th' university, you say ? [To Polonius.]

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good
actor.

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kill'd i' th' Capi-
tol : *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a
calf there. Be the players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that ?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your lap ?

[Lying down at Ophelia's feet.]

Opb. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters ?

Opb. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between a maid's legs.

136 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark,

Opb. What is, my Lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Opb. You are merry, my Lord,

Ham. Who, I ?

Opb. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your only jig-maker ; what should a man do, but be merry ? for look you how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within these two hours.

Opb. Nay, 'tis two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long ? nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of ermyne. Oh heav'ns ! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet ! then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year : but by'r lady, he must build churches then ; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse ; whose epitaph is, *For ob, for ob, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

SCENE VII.

Hautboys play. The Dumb shew enters.

Enter a Duke and Dutchess, with regal coronets, very lovingly ; the Dutchess embracing him, and he her. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. A man comes in a fellow, takes off his coronet, kisses it, and pours poison in the Duke's ears, and Exit. The Dutchess returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes come in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Dutchess with gifts, she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love. [Exit.

Opb. What means this, my Lord ?

Ham. Marry this is mitching Malicbo, that means, mischief.

Opb. Belike this shew imports the argument of the play ?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow : the Players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Opb. Will he tell us what this shew meant ?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him. Be not you

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 137

you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Opb. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Prol. For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your bearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posic of a ring?

Opb. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke and Dutchess, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus*' car gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirty been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must:
And womens fear and love hold quantity,
'Tis either none, or in extremity;
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

Duke. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou —

Dutch. Oh confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!

Dutch. The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

138 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark,*

A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Duke. I do believe you think what now you speak ;
But what we do determine, oft we break :
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity :
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be,
Most necessary 'tis that we forget,
To pay our selves what to ourselves is debt :
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose ;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy :
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
Grief joys, joy grieves on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, and 'tis not strange
That ev'n our loves should with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love fortune lead, or fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his fav'rite flies ;
The poor, advanc'd, makes friends of enemies :
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend ;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth oh ! give me food, nor heaven light !
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night ;
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now —

Duke.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 139

Duke. 'Tis deeply sworn ; sweet, leave me here a while,
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain ! [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The Lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence
in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence
i' th' world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The *Mouse-trap*. Marry how ? tropically. This
play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna* ; *Gonzago*
is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptista* ; you shall see
anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work ; but what o' that ?
your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us
not ; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Opb. You are as good as a chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love ; if I
could see the puppets dallying.

Opb. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Opb. Still worse and worse.

Ham. So most of you take husbands.

Begin, murderer. Leave thy damnable faces, and begin,
Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
Confederate season, and no creature seeing : [agreeing ;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecate's* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thou natural magick, and dire property,
On wholsom life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison in his ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' th' garden for's estate ; his
name's *Gonzago* ; the story is extant, and writ in choice
Italian.

140 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the
ove of *Gonzago's* wife.

Opp. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire?

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE .VIII. *Manent Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. *Why, let the stricken dear go weep,*

The bar? ungalled play :

For some must watch, whilst some must sleep ;

So runs the world away.

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest
of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two provincial roses
on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of Players,
Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. Ay, a whole one.

For thou dost know, oh Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself, and now reigns here

A very very paddock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'll take the ghost's word for
a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosencrosse and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, some musick. Come, the recorders.

For if the King like not the comedy;

Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King, Sir, —

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd —

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 141

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self more rich to signify this to his doctor : for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment ; if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my Lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer : my wit's diseased. But, Sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command ; or rather, as you say, my mother : therefore no more but to the matter — my mother, you say.

Ros. Then thus she says ; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother ! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration ?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us ?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper ? you do surely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, for your succession in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, but while the grass grows — the proverb is something musty.

Enter

142 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Enter one with a Recorder.

Oh, the recorders ; let me see one. To withdraw with you — why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil ?

Guil. Oh my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe ?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying ; govern these ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me ; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note, to the top of my compass ; and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why do you think that I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe ? call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blefs you, Sir !

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the *Queen* would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a *Camel* ?

Pol. By the mass, and it's like a *Camel* indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like an *Ouzle*.

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle*.

Ham. Or like a *Whale* ?

Pol. Very like a *Whale*.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by : —
they

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 143

they fool me to the top of my bent. — I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends. [*Exe.*
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell it self breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother —
Oh heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom ;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural ;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter King, Rosencroff, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you ;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his luns.

Guil. We will provide our selves ;
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many bodies safe, that live
And feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep it self from 'noyance ; but much more,
That spirit, on whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of Majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
Fixt on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd ; which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

144 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage ;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mother's closet ;
Behind the arras I'll convey my self
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
(Since nature makes them partial,) should o'er-hear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my Liege ;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*]

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.

Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't ;
A brother's murder.—Pray alas ! I cannot :
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this curst hand
Were thicker than it self with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'n's
To wash it white as snow ? whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down ? then I'll look up.
My fault's past. But oh what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? *Forgive me my foul murder !*
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
Boys out the law ; but 'tis not so above :

There

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 145

There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature, we our selves compell'd
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can aught, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!
 Oh limed soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! help, angels, make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well. [*The King kneels.*]

SCENE X. *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now I'll do't — and so he goes to heav'n,
 And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd, —
 A villain kills my father, and for that
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heav'n — O this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as *May*;
 And how his audit stands, who knows, save heav'n?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent:
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 At gaming, swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't,
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n,
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays;
 This phyick but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
 Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI. *The Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight; look you lay home to him,
 VOL. IX. N Tell

146 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll 'sconce * me even here ;
Pray you be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you,
Fear me not : you withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius bides himself behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter ?

Queen. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet* ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so ;

You are the *Queen*, your husband's brother's wife,
And (would it were not so) you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not
You go not 'till I set you up a glass [budge ;
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me ?
Help, ho !

Pol. What ho, help ! [Behind the Arras.

Ham. How now, a rat ? dead for a ducat, dead.

Pol. Oh I am slain. [Hamlet kills Polonius.

Queen. Oh me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay, I know not : is it the King ?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this !

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King ?

Ham. Ay, Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell, [To Polonius.
I took thee for thy betters ; take thy fortune ;

* *Sconce* the same as *instance* : that is, to cover or secure. The same word is used upon the like occasion in *The merry wives of Windsor* p. 210. I will *instance* me behind the Arras.

Thou

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 147

Thou find'st, to be too busie is some danger.
 Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down,
 And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
 If it be made of penetrable stuff;
 If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
 That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
 In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers oaths. O such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction* plucks
 The very soul, and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me! what act,
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:
 See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of *Jove* himself;
 An eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
 A station like the herald *Mercury*
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every God did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This *was* your husband.—Look you now what follows,
 Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love; for at your age,

* By *contraction* here is meant the same thing as we understand
 now by *contract*; namely, a solemn promise or engagement.

148 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? what devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
O shame! where is thy blush? rebellious heat,
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost it self as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, speak no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the nasty sty —

Queen. Oh speak no more,
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murderer and a villain!
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. Oh! no more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches —
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings, [*Starting up.*]
You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O say. —

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 149

But look ! amazement on thy mother sits ;
O step between her and her fighting soul :
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, Lady ?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse ?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements, *
Start up and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

Ham. On him ! on him ! — look you how pale he glares !
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects ; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour ; tears per chance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ? [*Pointing to the Ghost.*]

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ! look how it steals away !
My father in his habit as he lived !
Look where he goes ev'n now out at the portal. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation Ecstasie
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ecstasie ?

My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. 'Tis not madness
That I have utter'd ; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :

* In this Author the Hair is often call'd an excrement.

150 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
 Whilst rank corruption mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess your self to heav'n,
 Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds
 To make them ranker. Forgive this my virtue,
 For in the fatness of these pursie times,
 Virtue it self of vice must pardon beg,
 Yea, coub, and woove, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh *Hamlet* ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain,

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.

Good night ; but go not to mine uncle's bed.
 Assume a virtue if you have it not.

That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
 Of habits evil, is angel yet in this

That to the use of actions fair and good,

He likewise gives a frock or livery

That aptly is put on : Refrain to-night,

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence ; the next more ease ;

For use can almost change the stamp of nature,

And master ev'n the devil, or throw him out

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night !

And when you are desirous to be blest,

I'll blessing beg of you. For this same Lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent : but the heavens have pleas'd it so

To punish him with me, and me with this

That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him ; so again, good night !

I must be cruel, only to be kind ;

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do.

Let the fond King tempt you again to bed,

Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,

And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,

Make

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 151

Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wife,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the bird's fly; and like the famous ape
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that.

Queen. Alack, I had forgot ; 'tis so concluded.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,
(Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,)

They bear the mandate ; they must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery : let it work,

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet!

This man shall set me packing ;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room ;
Mother, good night ! Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother! [*Exeunt, Hamlet tugging out Pol.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen.

King. **T**HERE's matter in these sighs ; these profound
heaves
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son ?

Queen.

152 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Queen. Ah, my good Lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, *Gertrude*? how does *Hamlet*?

Queen. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your self, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews it self pure: he weeps for what is done,

King. O *Gertrude*, come away:

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance, and excuse. Ho! *Guildestern*!

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildestern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. Pray you haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosincrosse and Guildestern.*]

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 153

SCENE II. *Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. Safely stowed —†

Rof. and Guil. within. *Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!*

Ham. What noise? who calls on *Hamlet*?

Oh here they come.

Enter Rosincroffe and Guildenstern.

Rof. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Rof. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Rof. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication
should be made by the son of a King?

Rof. Take you me for a sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that fokes up the King's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities; but such officers do the King
best service in the end; he keeps them, like an ape,* in
the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd:
when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing
you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Rof. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish
ear.

Rof. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and
go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King is nothing.

Guil. Nothing, my Lord?

Ham. A thing or nothing bring me to him; hide fox,
and all after.† [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Enter King.*

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it that this man goes loose!

* It is the way of Monkeys in eating to throw that part of their
food which they take up first into a pouch they are provided with
on the side of their jaw, and there they keep it 'till they have done
with the rest.

† There is a Play among children call'd *Hide fox and all after.*

154 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Yet must not we put the strong law on him ;
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes :
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause : diseases desp'rate, grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrosse.

How now ? what hath befall'n ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, *Guildestern* ! bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildestern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius* ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ? where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten ; a certain convocation of politike worms are at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our selves for maggots. Your fat, *King* and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a *King*, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a *King* may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius* ?

Ham. In heav'n, send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place your self. But indeed, if you find him not this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till ye come.

King.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 155

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done) must send thee hence
With fiery quickness; then prepare thy self,
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them; but come, for
England! farewell, dear mother!

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife;
man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for
England! [Exit.]

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away, for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on th' affair; pray you make haste.

[*Exeunt Rosinerosse and Guildenstern.*]

And, *England*! if my love thou hold'st at aught,

(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the *Danish* sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set by

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

By letters congruing to that effect,

The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England*!

For like the hestick in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,

How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Camp on the Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras with an Army.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the *Danish* King,
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his realm, You know the rendezvous.

156 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall exprefs our duty in his eye,
And let him know fo.

Capt. I will do't, my Lord.
For. Go foftly on. [*Exit Fortinbras, with the Army.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencroffe, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are thefe?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Againft fome part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

Ham. Goes it againft the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for fome frontier?

Capt. Truly to fpeak it, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats — five — I would not farm it,
Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, fhould it be fold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Polack* never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrifon'd.

Ham. Two thoufand fouls, and many thoufand ducats
Will not debate the queftion of this ftaw;
This is th' impofthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and fhews no caufe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir,

Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Ros. Will't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you, go a little before. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet.

How all occafions do inform againft me,
And spur my dull revenge! what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to fleep and feed? a beaft, no more.
Sure he that made us with fuch large difcourfe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reafon
To rufh in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Beftial oblivion, or fome craven fcuple

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 157

Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
 (A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wisdom,
 And ever three parts coward :) I do not know
 Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
 To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me ;
 Witness this army of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Ev'n for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
 Never to stir without great argument ;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 (Excitements of my reason and my blood)
 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasie and trick of fame
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a spot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain ? O then from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

[*Exits*

SCENE V. *A Palace.*

Enter Queen, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
 Indeed distract ; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have ?

Gent. She speaks much of her father ; says she hears
 There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
 That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up-fit to their own thoughts,
 Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,

158 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Indeed would make one think there might be thought;
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in —

[*Exit Gent.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Opb. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Opb. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle bat and staff, and his sandal shoon? [*Singing.*]

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady; what imports this song?

Opb. Say you? nay, pray you mark.
He's dead and gone, Lady, he's dead and gone,
At his bead a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia —

Opb. Pray you mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Opb. Larded with sweet flowers:

Which bewept to the grave did go,

With true-love showers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Opb. Well, Godild you. They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Opb. Pray let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day, all in the morn betime,

And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.

*Then up he rose, and don'd his cloaths, and op'd the chamber-
Let in a maid, but out a maid never departed more.* [*door;*]

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Opb. Indeed? without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 159

By Gis, and by S. Charity;
Alack, and fie for shame,
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Opb. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but
I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i'th'
cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and so I thank
you for your good counsel. Come, my coach; good-
night, Ladies; good-night, sweet Ladies; good-night,
good-night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you;
This is the poison of deep grief, it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain,
Next your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddled,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death. We've done but greenly,
In private to interr him; poor Opbelia
Divided from her self, and her fair judgment,
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:)
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his anger, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Whence animosity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [A Noise within.

SCENE VI. Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my Switzers? let them guard the door!
What is the matter?

160 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Mef. Save your self, my Lord.
The ocean over-peering of his list
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
(Antiquity forgot, custom not known)
They cry, *chuse us Laertes for our King*:
The ratifiers and props of every word
Caps, hands, and shouts, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Queen. How chearfully on the false trail they cry!
Oh this is counter, you false *Danish* dogs. [*Noise within,*

Enter Laertes.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is the King? Sirs! stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you; keep the door.

O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me bas-
Crys cuckold to my father, brands the harlot [*tard,*
Even here between the chaste and unsmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Act little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, *Gertrude*.
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the black devil!

Conscience

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 161

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's.
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, in your revenge
(That sweep-stake) will you draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A Noise within*, Let her come in,

Laer. How now? what noise is that?

S C E N E VII.

Enter Ophelia fantastically drest with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*!
O heav'ns, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.

162 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

*Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,
And on his grave rains many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!*

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Opb. You must sing, down a-down, and you call him
a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it! it is the false
steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Opb. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray,
love, remember; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

Opb. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's
rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it herb
of grace o' *Sundays*: you may wear your rue with a disfe-
rence. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets,
but they withered all when my father dy'd: they say, he
made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell it self,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan,

Gramercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! God b'w'ye. [Exit Ophelia.]

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right: go but a-part,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours

To

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 163

To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth ;
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall :

And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me ?

Ser. Sailors, Sir ; they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

[*Exit Ser.*]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, an't please him. There's a letter
for you, Sir : It comes from th' Ambassador that was bound
for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know
it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

*Horatio, when thou shalt have over-look'd this, give these
fellows some means to the King : they have letters for him.
Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike
appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of
sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I
boarded them : on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I
alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like
thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do
a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have
sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst
fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee
dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter. These good
fellows*

164 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosincrosse and Guildenstern hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. [Exit.

SCENE IX. *Enter King and Laertes.*

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. Two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me are strong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for my self,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So my arrows
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections — But revenge will come.

King.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 165

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shall soon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our self,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine —

Enter Messenger.

Mes. These to your Majesty: this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet? who brought them?

Mes. Sailors, my Lord, they say, I saw them not:
They were giv'n me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them: leave us, all —

[Exit Messenger.]

*High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly
eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, re-
count th' occasion of my sudden return.*

Hamlet,

What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse — and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character;
Naked, and in a postscript here, he says
Alone: can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord: but let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live to tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? — how otherwise? —
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I, so you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace; if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But ev'n his mother shall uncharge the practice,

And

166 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

And call it accident.

Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of, since your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his fables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*;
I've seen my self, and serv'd against, the *French*,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he pass'd my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg

Your

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 167

Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.

Now out of this —

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,

But that I know love is begun by time;

And that I see in passages of proof,

Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:

There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,

And nothing is at a like goodness still;

For goodness growing to a plethory,

Dies in his own too much; what we would do,

We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many

As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,

And then this *should* is like a spend-thrift sigh

That hurts by easing; but to th' quick o'th' ulcer —

Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake

To shew your self your father's son indeed,

More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' church.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarise;

Revenge should have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,

Will you do this? keep close within your chamber;

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

And set a double varnish on the same

The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,

And wager on your heads. He being remiss,

Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse

A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice

Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;

And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword:

168 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit it to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft — let me see —
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning; ;
I ha't — when in your motion you are hot,
And make your bouts more violent to th' end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. How now, sweet Queen?

S C E N E X. *Enter Queen.*

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream:
There with fantastick garlands did she come,
Of crow-flow'rs, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grossier name,
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliker broke;
When down her weedy trophies and her self
Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths spread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native, and indued

Unto

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark*: 169

Unto that element : but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd !

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will ; when these are gone,
The woman will be out : adieu, my Lord !
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*]

King. Follow, *Gertrude* :

How much had I to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I, this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks.

1 Clown. Shall she to be buried in christian burial, that will-
fully seeks her own salvation ?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is ; therefore make her grave
straight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it christian
burial.

1 Clown. How can that be, unless she drowned her self
in her own defence ?

2 Clown. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clown. It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else.
For here lies the point ; if I drown my self wittingly, it ar-
gues an act ; and an act hath three branches. It is to act,
to do, and to perform ; *argal*, she drown'd her self wittingly.

2 Clown. Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 Clown. Give me leave ; here lyes the water, good :
here stands the man, good : if the man go to this water,
and drown himself ; it is will he, nill he, he goes ; mark
you that : but if the water come to him, and drown him ;
he drowns not himself. *Argal*, he that is not guilty of his
own death, shortens not his own life.

VOL. IX.

P

2 Clowns

168 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

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But that this folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude* :

How much had I to do to calm his rage !
Now fear I, this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks.

1 *Clown.* S she to be buried in christian burial, that witt-
fully seeks her own salvation ?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, she is ; therefore make her grave
straight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it christian
burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unless she drowned her self
in her own defence ?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown.* It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else.
For here lies the point ; if I drown my self wittingly, it ar-
gues an act ; and an act hath three branches. It is to act,
to do, and to perform ; *argal*, she drown'd her self wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave ; here lyes the water, good :
here stands the man, good : if the man go to this water,
and drown himself ; it is will he, nill he, he goes ; mark
you that : but if the water come to him, and drown him ;
he drowns not himself. *Argal*, he that is not guilty of his
own death, shortens not his own life.

Vol. IX.

P

2 *Clown.*

170 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

2 *Clown.* But is this law ?

1 *Clown.* Ay marry is't, crowner's quest law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't ? if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than other christians. Come, my spade ; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers ; they hold up *Adam's* profession.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman ?

1 *Clown.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen ? how dost thou understand the scripture ? the scripture says, *Adam* digg'd ; could he dig without arms ? I'll put another question to thee ; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self —

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the ship-wright, or the carpenter ?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker, for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows does well ; but how does it well ? it does well to those that do ill : now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church ; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a ship-wright, or a carpenter ? —

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio at a distance.

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it ; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating ; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a grave-maker. The houses he makes, last 'till dooms-day : go, get thee to *Tughan*, fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit 2 Clown.*

He

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 171

He digs and sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,

Metbought it was very sweet ;

To contract, oh, the time for, a, my bebove,

Oh metbought there was nothing so meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making ?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so ; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

But age with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch :

And hath shipped me into his land,

As if I ne'er had been such.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once ; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder ! this might be the pate of a politician which this ass o'er-offices ; one that could circumvent God, might it not ?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet Lord ; how dost thou, good Lord ?* this might be my Lord such a one's, that prais'd my Lord such a one's horse, when he meant to beg it ; might it not ?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so : and now my lady *Worm's*, chapless, and knockt about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em ? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

For, — and a shrowding sheet !

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another : why may not that be the scull of a lawyer ? where be his quiddits now ? his quillets ? his cases ? his tenures, and his tricks ? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty

172 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery ? hum ! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt ? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures ? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box ; and must the inheritor himself have no more ? ha ?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins ?

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow : Who's grave's this, firrah ?

Clown. Mine, Sir —

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed : for thou liest in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours ; for my part I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say 'tis thine ; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for ?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then ?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't ?

Clown. One that was a woman, Sir ; but rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is ! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will follow us. By the Lord, *Horatio*, these three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker ?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras*.

Ham.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 173

Ham. How long is that since ?

Clown. Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that : it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into *England* ?

Clown. Why, because he was mad ; he shall recover his wits there ; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he, mad ?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits,

Ham. Upon what ground ?

Clown. Why, here in *Denmark*. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lye i' th' earth ere he rot ?

Clown. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarces now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year or nine year ; a tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another ?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

Clown. A whorson mad fellow's it was ; whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flagon of rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was *Yorick's* scull, the King's jester.

Ham. This ?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas poor *Yorick* ! I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest ; of most excellent fancy : he hath born me on his back a thousand times : and now how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those

174 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? pow get you to my Lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that — Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd o' this fashion i' th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? puh! [*Smelling to the Scull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio*! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall, t'expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft a while — here comes the King,

SCENE II. *Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a coffin, with Lords and Priests attendant.*

The Queen, the courtiers. What is that they follow,

And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,

The coarse they follow did with desperate hand

Fore-do its own life; 'twas of some estate.

Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a most noble youth: mark —

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,

And

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 175

And but that great command o'er-sways the order,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
 'Till the last trump. For charitable prayers,
 Shards, flints and pebbles, shou'd be thrown on her ;
 Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done :

We should prophane the service of the dead,
 To sing a *Requiem*, and such rest to her
 As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' th' earth,
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring ! I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A ministr'ing angel shall my sister be,
 When thou ly'st howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Opbelia* !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell !
 I hop'd thou would'st have been my *Hamlet*'s wife ;
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Depriv'd thee of ! Hold off the earth a while,
 'Till I have caught her once more in my arms ;
[*Laertes leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
 'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
 T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
 Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. [*Discovering himself.*] What is he, whose griefs
 Bear such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the grave.*]

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul ! [*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well,

176 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat —
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder —

Queen. *Hamlet, Hamlet —*

Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet. [*The Attendants part them.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Opbelia*; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thy self?

Woo't drink up *Nile*? woo't eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come hither but to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her; and so will I;

And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground

Sindging his pate against the burning zone,

Make *Offa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness;

And thus a while the fit will work on him:

Anon as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir —

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter —

Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*]

King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.

[*Exit, Hor.*]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech. [*To Laer.*]
We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 177

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

This grave shall have a living monument.

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;

'Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. A Hall in the Palace.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, now shall you see the other:
You do remember all the circumstance ?

Hor. Remember it, my Lord ?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep ; methought I lay
Worse than the mutineers in bilboes ; rashness
(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail ; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them ; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unseal
Their grand commission, where I found, *Horatio,*
A royal knavery ; an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmark's* health, and *England's* too,
(With ho ! such bugbs and goblins in my life,) *YO*
That on the supervise, no leisure bated
No not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible ?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure ;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed ?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains, and
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They having begun the play ; I fate me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair :

(I

178 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

(I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair ; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning ; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's service ;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a cement 'tween their amities,
And many such like *As's* of great charge ;
That on the view and knowing these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
No thriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordain'd ;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that *Danish* seal :
I folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The change was never known : now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So, *Guildenstern* and *Rosencrosse* go to't.

Ham. They are not near my conscience ; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow :
'Tis dangerous when baser natures come
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this !

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon ?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage ; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm ? is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil ?

Hor.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 179

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short. The *interim* is mine,
And a man's life's no more than to say, *one*.
But I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forget my self ;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his ; I'll court his favour :
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here ?

SCENE IV. *Enter Osrick.*

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know this water-fly ?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious ; for 'tis a vice to
know him : he hath much land, and fertile ; let a beast
be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the King's
messe ; 'tis a chough ; but as I say, spacious in the pos-
session of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I
should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit ; put
your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold ; my Lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry, and hot for my com-
plexion.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere,
I cannot tell how :—My Lord, his Majesty bid me signifie
to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head : Sir,
this is the matter —

Ham. I beseech you, remember —

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease, in good faith : —
Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at
his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon ?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons ; but well.

Ofr.

Hor.

180 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ofr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him six *Barbary* horses, against the which he impon'd, as I take it, six *French* rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or so : three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages ?

Ofr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides ; I would it might be hangers 'till then. But on ; six *Barbary* horses, against six *French* swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages, that's the *French* bett against the *Danish* ; why is this impon'd, as you call it ?

Ofr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits ; He hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no ?

Ofr. I mean, my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall ; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me ; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can : if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so ?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship. [Exit.]

Ham. Your's, your's ; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did complement with his dug before he suck'd it : thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fann'd and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 181

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Osrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart—but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man owes aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.
[*Gives him the hand of Laertes.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, and you must needs have heard, How I am punished with sore distraction, What I have done

That might your nature, honour, and exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness: Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never *Hamlet*.

182 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not: *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,
His madness is poor *Hamlet's* enemy.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilment;
'Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice, and president of peace
To keep my name ungor'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils: come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkeſt night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Oſrick*.

Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my Lord;
Your Grace hath laid upon the weaker ſide.

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well: theſe foils have all a length?

[*Prepares to play.*]

Oſr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* give the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 183

The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath,
And in the cup an * Union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive Kings
In *Denmark's* crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth :
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord.

[*They play.*]

Ham. One —

Laer. No —

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well — again —

King. Stay, give me drink. *Hamlet*, this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound, Sbot goes off.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while. [*They play.*]
Come — another hit — what say you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows ;

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam, —

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord ; I pray you pardon me. [*Drinks.*]

King. It is the poison'd cup, it is too late. [*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam ; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third ; *Laertes*, you but dally ;

I pray you pass with your best violence,

I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

* Union hath been a name in all times given to one of the richest
sorts of Pearls. See *Plin. Nat. Hist.*

184 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[*Play.*

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet, then in scuffling they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again —

Ofr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my Lord?

Ofr. How is't, *Laertes*?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock in my own sprindge, *Ofrick*,
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink —

Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink, —

I am poison'd —

[*Queen dies.*

Ham. O villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out —

Laer. It is here. *Hamlet*, thou art slain,

No medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd it self on me. Lo, here I lye,

Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;

I can no more — the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too?

Then, venom, do thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion: is the Union here?

Follow my mother.

[*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd.

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet*;

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me!

[*Dies.*

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen, adieu!

You

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 185

You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant death
Is strict in his arrest) oh I could tell you —
But let it be — *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never ; believe it :
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane* ;
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup ; let go ; by heav'n, I'll have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me ?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and shout within.*
What warlike noise is this ?

SCENE VI. *Enter Ofrick.*

Ofr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from *Poland*,
To the ambassador of *England* gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio* :
The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit,
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do prophesie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras* ; he has my dying voice ;
So tell him, with th' occurrents more or less,
Which have solicited. — The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart ; good night, sweet Prince ;
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest !
Why does the drum come hither ?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with drum,
colours, and Attendants.*

Fort. Where is this fight ?

Hor. What is it you would see ?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries out, havock ! Oh proud death !
What feast is tow'rd in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot

186 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late;
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing.
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosincrosse* and *Guildestern* are dead,
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since so full upon this bloody question,
You from the *Polack* wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd; give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Ev'n while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely; had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,
The soldiers musick, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him!
Take up the body: such a fight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amis.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt marching: after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]

O T H E L L O,

T H E

MOOR of *VENICE*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of VENICE.

BRABANTIO, *a noble Venetian.*

GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio.*

LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*

OTHELLO, *the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.*

CASSIO, *his Lieutenant-General.*

IAGO, *Standard-bearer to Othello.*

RODORIGO, *a foolish Gentleman, in love with Desdemona.*

MONTANO, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*

Clown, Servant to the Moor.

Herald.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Iago.*

BIANCA, *a Courtesan, Mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE for the First Act in Venice; during the rest of the Play in Cyprus.

The Story is taken from Cynthio's Novels.

OTHELLO,

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in VENICE.

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

Rod. **N**EVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should know of
Iago. But you'll not hear me. [this—

If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me then.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold
Him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not.
Three great ones of the city, in personal suit
To make me his lieutenant, oft' capt to him :
And, by the faith of man, I know my price,
I'm worth no worse a place. But he, as loving
His pride and purposes, evades them with
A bumbast circumstance, horribly stuf
With epithets of war ; and in conclusion
Non-suits my mediators ; *Certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer.

And what was he ?
Forsooth a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*, *
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair phys ; †

* It is plain from many other passages in the Play (rightly understood) that *Cassio* was a *Florentine* and *Iago* a *Venetian*.

† In all the former editions this hath been printed a fair wife. but surely it must from the beginning have been a mistake, because it
ap-

190 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battel knows
More than a spinster; but the bookish theorique,
Wherein the tongued consuls can propose
As masterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership — he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be belee'd and calm'd
By *Debtor*, and *Creditor*, this *Counter-caster*.
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, God bless the mark! his Moor-ships Ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge your self,
If I in any just term am assign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when old, 's cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves — Others there are
Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And throwing but shows of service on their Lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
And such a one do I profess my self.
It is as sure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:

appears from a following part in the Play that *Cassio* was an unmarried man: on the other hand his Beauty is often hinted at, which it is natural enough for other rough soldiers to treat with scorn and ridicule.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice*. 191

In following him, I follow but my self.
Heav'n is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end :
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern ; 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For daws to peck at ; I'm not what I seem.

Red. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus !

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight.
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen.
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies : tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.

Red. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, a fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Red. What, ho ! *Brabantio* ! Signior *Brabantio* ! ho !

Iago. Awake ! what, ho ! *Brabantio* ! ho ! thieves ! thieves !
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags :
Thieves ! thieves !

SCENE II.

Enter Brabantio above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons ?
What is the matter there ?

Red. Signior, is all your family within ?

Iago. Are all doors lock'd ?

Bra. Why ? wherefore ask you this ?

Iago. Zounds ! Sir, you're robb'd : for shame put on
your gown,

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul ;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandfire of you,
Arise, I say.

Bra.

192 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome;

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,

My daughter's not for thee. And now in madness,

Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,

Upon malicious bravery dost thou come

To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir, —

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,

My spirit and my place have in their power

To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*:
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,

In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God,
if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service,
you think we are ruffians; you'll have your daughter cover'd
with a *Barbary* horse, you'll have your nephews
neigh to you, you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets
for germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter
and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter
Be at this odd even and dull watch o'th' night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier*,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor;
If this be known to you, and your allowance,

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice*. 193

We then have done you bold and sawcy wrongs :
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where ; straight satisfy your self.
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !

Give me a taper — call up all my people, —
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light !

[*Exit Bra. from above.*]

Iago. Farewel ; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholsom to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor. For I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the *Cyprus* wars,
Which ev'n now stand in act, that for their souls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their business. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you may find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search ;
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Enter Brabantio in his night-gown,
and Servants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her ? oh unhappy girl !

VOL. IX.

R

With

194 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

With the Moor, said'st thou! who would be a father?
How didst thou know 'twas she? oh she deceives me
Past thought—What said she to you? get more tapers—
Raise all my kindred—are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat she out?

Oh treason of my blood!

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters minds
By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Roderigo*,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brothers; oh would you had had her!
Some one way, some another—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call,
I may command at most; get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might:
On, good *Roderigo*, I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt*,

SCENE IV.

Another Street before the Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Tho' in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service.—Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 195

Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spight:

My services, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, e'en bonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

SCENE V. Enter Cassio with torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.

My part, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General,
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat. The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels:
And many of the counsel, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,

196 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

And go with you.

[*Exit Othello.*]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Iago. Marry to — Come, captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

SCENE VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with officers and torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*; General, be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief. [*They draw on both sides.*]

Iago. You, *Rodorigo*! come, Sir, I am for you —

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust 'em.
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd my
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her; [*daughter?*]
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound;
Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthiest cull'd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That waken motion: I'll have't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;

Lay

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 197

Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Orb. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To answer this your charge ?

Bra. To prison, 'till
Fit time of law, and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Orb. What if I obey ?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him ?

Off. True, most worthy signior,
The Duke's in council, and your noble self
I'm sure is sent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council ?
In this time of the night ? bring him away ;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own ;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [Exeunt]

SCENE VII. The Senate house.

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they're disproportion'd ;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred ;
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence,) yet they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
I do not so secure me in the error,

198 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

But the main article I do approve,
In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter Sailor.

Offi. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now! — what's the business?

Sail. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the state.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze; when we consider
Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due course toward the isle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet —

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?

Mes. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*:
Marcus Luccicos, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in *Florence*.

Duke

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 199

Duke. Write from us, to him.

Post-haste, dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant Moor.

S C E N E VIII.

To them, Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the general enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior, [*To Brabantio.*
We lackt your counsel, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your Grace pardon me,
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me: for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still it self.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh my daughter! —

Sen. Dead?

Bra. To me;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not —

Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her self,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall your self read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now it seems
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend signiors,

My

200 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

My very noble and approv'd good masters ;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battel ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my self. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold ;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at it self ; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on —
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,
That will confess affection so could err
Against all rules of nature ; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 Sen. Othello, speak,
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth ?

Oth.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 201

Oth. I beseech you,
Send, for the Lady, to the *Sagittary*,
And let her speak of me before her father ;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.
[*Exit* *Iago*.]

And 'till she come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair Lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello*.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me ;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battels, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it :
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history :
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heav'n,
It was my hint to speak. * All these to hear,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline ;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

* It was my hint to speak ; such was the process ;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi* ; and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear,
Would *Desdemona*, &c.

202 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful —
She wish'd she had not heard it, — yet she wish'd
That heav'n had made her such a man — she thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady, let her witness it.

SCENE IX.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too —
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best.
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle mistress,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you most owe obedience?

Des. Noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you. You're the lord of duty,
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband,

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 203

And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father ;
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you : I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the state-affairs ;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor :

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with my heart,
I would keep from thee. And for your sake, jewel,
I'm glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. Let me now speak more like your self ; and lay
A sentence in, which, like a grise or step,
May help these lovers here into your favour.
*When remedies are past, the griefs are ended ;
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.*

*The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief ;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.*

Bra. So, let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
*He bears the sentence well, that nothing cares
For the false comforts which from thence he bears ;
But he beaps both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.*
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words ; I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd heart was pieced through the ear.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes
for Cyprus : *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is best
known to you. And though we have there a substitute
of most allowed sufficiency ; yet opinion, a more sovereign
mistress

204 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you ; you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness : and do undertake
This present war against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reverence of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona* ?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord ;
I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me ;
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, Lords ; beseech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat affects the young,

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 205

In my distinct and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me — No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business;
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer. You must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my Lord, to-night?

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again,
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honesty and trust,)
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;
Good-night to every one. And, noble Signior,
If virtue no delighting beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. [Exit.

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [Exeunt.

206 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

SCENE X.

Manent Rodorigo and Iago.

Rod. Iago!

Iago. What sayest thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

*Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown my self for the love of a *Guinney-hen*, I would change my humanity with a baboon.*

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lyes in our will. If the ballance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a slip or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy self? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness, I could never better stead thee than now. Put

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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 207

money in thy purse; follow thou these wars, * defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that *Desdemona* should long continue her love to the Moor — put money in thy purse — nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration, — but put money in thy purse. — These Moors are changeable in their wills; — fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, † shall shortly be as bitter as colic-quintida. She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice — Therefore put money in thy purse — If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an arrant *Barbarian* and a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thy self! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me. — Go, make money. — I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Roderigo*?
No more of drowning.

Rod. I'll sell all my land.

[*Exit.*]

* That is, disgrace thy features and make thy fair countenance grim with a false beard.

† *J. Ludolfus* speaking of the Locust saith, *suavis valde nec non salubris est citus.* Hist. *Æthiop.* lib. i. c. 13.

208 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

SCENE XI. *Manet Iago.*

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I should time expend with such a swain,
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office. I know not if 't be true —
 But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well —
 The better shall my purpose work on him ;
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now ; —
 To get his place, and to plume up my will,
 A double knavery — How ? how ? let's see —
 After some time, t' abuse *Othello's* ears,
 That he is too familiar with his wife —
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected ; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
 As asses are :
 I have't — it is ingendered — Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital City of Cyprus.

Enter Montano Governor of Cyprus, and two Gentlemen.

Mont. WHAT from the cape can you discern at sea ?
1 Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought
 flood ;

I cannot 'twixt the heavens and the main
 Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements ;
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise ? what shall we hear of this ?

2 Gent. A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet ;
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds,

The

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 209

The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main;
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole;
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchas'd flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet
Be not in shelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd:
It is impossible to bear it out.

SCENE II. *Enter a third Gentleman.*

3 *Gent.* News, Lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in;
A *Veronessa*; *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea;
And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of comfort
Touching the *Turkish* loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heav'n's he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even 'till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III. *Enter Cassio.*

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor: oh let the heav'n's
Give him defence against the elements!
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

210 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail !

Cas. What noise ?

Gent. The town is empty ; on the brow o' th' sea.
Stand ranks of people, and they cry a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie :
Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[Exit.]

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd ?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame :
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Do's bear all excellency —

SCENE IV. Enter Gentleman.

How now ? who has put in ?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed ;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
(Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,)
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting safe go by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mont. What is she ?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain :
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nights speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath !
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice*. 211

And bring all *Cyprus* comfort —

SCENE V.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.

O behold !

The riches of the ship is come on shore :

You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.

Hail to thee, Lady ! and the grace of heav'n

Before, behind thee, and on every hand

Enwheel thee round !

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,

What tidings can you tell me of my Lord ?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought

But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O but I fear — how lost you company ?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies

Parted our fellowship. But hark, a sail !

Within.] A sail, a sail !

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel :

This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news :

Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.

[To Æmilia.

Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,

That I extend my manners : 'tis my breeding *[Saluting her.*

That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

You'd have enough.

Des. Alas ! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much ;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep ;

Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you're pictures out of doors,

Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Players in your housewifery, housewives in your beds.

Des. Oh fie upon thee, slanderer.

Iago.

212 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk*;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come, one assay. There's one gone to the harbour—

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise;
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes
from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks out
brains and all. But my muse labours, and thus she is delivered.

*If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd; how if she be black and witty?

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white, that shall her blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. *She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly helps her to an heir.*

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh
i' th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her
that's foul and foolish?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.*

Des. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best.
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman
indeed? one, that in the authority of her merit, did justly
put on the vouch of very malice it self?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may;*

She

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 213

*She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly ;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind ;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were) —*

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion ! do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy husband. How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a most profane and illiberal censurer ?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam, you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm ; ay, well said — whisper — With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do — I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed — If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good — well kiss'd and excellent curtesie — 'tis so indeed — Yet again — your fingers to your lips : would they were clister-pipes for your sake ! [*Trumpet.* The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes !

SCENE VI. Enter Othello, and Attendants;

Oth. Oh my fair warrior !

Des. My dear *Othello* !

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. My soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death :
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high ; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n ! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,

That

214 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice*:

That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heav'ns forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Ev'n as our days do grow !

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers !
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here : it is too much of joy.
And this and this the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*]
That e'er our hearts shall make !

Iago. You are well-tun'd now ;
But I'll let down the pegs that make this musick,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*]

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.
Now, friends, our wars are done ; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle ?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongst them. Oh my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou the master to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona*;

SCENE VII. *Manent Iago and Rodorigo.*

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour. Come
thither, if thou be'st valiant ; as they say, base men being
in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than
is native to them — list me ; the lieutenant to-night
watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this :
Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him ? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus ; and let thy soul be instructed.
Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but
for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. And will she
love him still for prating ? let not thy discreet heart think
it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she
have to look on the devil ? When the blood is made dull
with

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice*. 215

with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in. Now for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find it self abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection; a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present it self. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blest'd condition.

Iago. Blest'd figs end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: blest'd pudding! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, *Rodorigo*! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th'incorporate conclusion: pish — But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well,

Iago.

216 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler : and happily may strike at you. Provoke him that he may ; for even out of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny : whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them : and the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit,

SCENE VIII. *Manet Iago.*

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe :
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to *Desdemona*
A most dear husband. Now I love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leapt into my seat : the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards ;
And nothing can, or shall content my soul,
'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife :
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on ;
I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,
(For I fear *Cassio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here — but yet confus'd ;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd.

[Exit,

SCENE

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 217

SCENE IX. The Street.

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkish* fleet, every man put himself into triumph: Some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his mind leads him. For besides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell have toll'd eleven. Bless the isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General Othello! [Exit.

SCENE X. The Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night. Let's teach our selves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do: But notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest: Michael, good night. To-morrow with your earliest Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you. Good night.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our General cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona*: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made the wanton night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And I'll warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it founds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

VOL. IX.

T

Cas.

[Exit.
E N E

218 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Caf. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black *Othello*.

Caf. Not to-night, good *Iago*: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well with courtesie would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Caf. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. —
Now my sick fool, *Roderigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my deem,
My boat-sails freely, both with wind and stream.

SCENE XI.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Caf. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not past a pint, as I am a soldier. *Iago.*

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 219

Iago. Some wine, ho !

[Iago sings.

And let me the canakin clink, clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a man ; oh man's life's but a span,

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England* : where indeed they are most potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your swag-belly'd *Hollander* — drink, ho ! — are nothing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking ?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant : and I'll do you justice.

Iago. Oh sweet *England* !

King Stephen was and-a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown,

He beld them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown :

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree :

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

And take thy old cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho !

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again ?

Cas. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well — Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality ;) I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no

220 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

more of this ; let's to our affairs. Forgive our sins—
gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think,
gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my Ancient ; this is my
right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now ; I
can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then : you must not think then
that I am drunk. [Exit,

SCENE XII. Manent Iago and Montano.

Mont. To the platform, masters, come, let's see the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before ;
He is a soldier, fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And give direction. And do but see his vice ;
'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him ;
I fear the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well

The General were put in mind of it :
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils : is not this true ?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo* !

I pray you after the lieutenant, go. [Exit *Rodorigo*.

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity ;
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island ;
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise ?

[Within, help ! help !

Re-

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 221

Re-enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue ! you rascal ! —

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant ?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty ? I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me —

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue ?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant ; [*Staying him.*]

I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk ? — [*They fight.*]

Iago. Away I say, go out and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Rodorigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant — Alas, gentlemen —

Help, ho ! — Lieutenant — Sir, *Montano* —

Help, masters ! here's a goodly watch indeed —

Who's that who rings the bell ? — diablo, ho ! [*Bell rings.*]

The town will rise. Fie, fie, lieutenant !

You will be sham'd for ever.

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho ! lieutenant — Sir — *Montano* — Gentlemen —

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty ?

The General speaks to you — hold, hold, for shame —

Oth. Why how now, ho ? from whence ariseth this ?

Are we turn'd *Turks* ? and to our selves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites* ?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl ;

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light : he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter ?

Honest *Iago*, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak : who began this ? on thy love I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know ; friends all, but now, even now

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

222 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Diveſting them for bed ; and then, but now —
As if ſome planet had unwitting men,
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,
And would in action glorious I had loſt
Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot ?

Caf. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil :

The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted ; and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger ;

Your officer *Iago* can inform you,
(While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me)
Of all that I do know ; nor know I aught
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night,
Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend our ſelves it be a ſin,
When violence affails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,

My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule,
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment choler'd,
Affays to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but liſt this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began ; who ſet it on ;
And he that is approv'd in his offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loſe me. What, and in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domeſtick quarrel ?
In night, and on the court of guard and ſafety ?
'tis monſtrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't ?

Mont. If partially affinn'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth ;

Thou

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 223

Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near :

I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio* ;

Yet I perswade my self, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General :

Mottano and my self being in speech,

There comes a fellow crying out for help,

And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,

To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause ;

My self the crying fellow did pursue ;

Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)

The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,

Out-ran my purpose : I return'd, the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And *Cassio* high in oath ; which 'till to-night

I ne'er might say before. When I came back,

(For this was brief) I found them close together

At blow and thrust, even as again they were

When you your self did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report.

But men are men ; the best sometimes forget ;

Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to *him*,

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,

Yet surely *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd

From him that fled some strange indignity,

Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, *Iago*,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,

But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up :

I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter ?

Oth. All is well, sweeting ; come, away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, my self will be your surgeon.

Lead him off :

Iago, look with care about the town,

And

Thou

224 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIV. *Manent Iago and Cassio.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! oh I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of my self, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, *Iago*, my reputation —

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had received some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute your self such a loser. What, man — there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice, even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk and speak ? parrot ? and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow ? oh thou invisible spirit of wine ! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword ? what had he done to you ?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible ?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly : a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains ! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform our selves into beasts !

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough : how came you thus recover'd ?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil drunkenness to give place to

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 225

to the devil wrath; one imperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befall'n: but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess your self freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest *Iago*.

[Exit Cassio.]

SCENE XV. *Manet Iago.*

Iago. And what's he then, that says I play the villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest, Likely to thinking, and indeed the course

226 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie
Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest suit : she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, wer't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetters'd to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the God
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course,
Directly to his good ? 'Tis hell's divinity :
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heav'nly shews,
As I do now. For while this honest fool
Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor ;
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust :
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch ;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Rod'rigo* ?

S C E N E XVI. Enter *Rodorigo*.

Rod. I follow here in the chace, not like a hound that
hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost
spent ; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled ;
and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience
for my pains ; and so with no money at all, and a little
more wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience !
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft ;
And wit depends on dilatory time :
Does't not go well ? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*.
Tho' other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first, are not first ripe :
Content thy self a while. In troth, 'tis morning ;

Pleasure

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 227

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :

Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter :

Nay, get thee gone.

[*Exit* Rodorigo,

Two things are to be done ;

My wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress :

I'll set her on ; so draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find

Solliciting his wife : ay, that's the way :

Dull not device, by coldness and delay.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Othello's Palace.

Enter Cassio, and Musicians.

Cas. **M**ASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,

Something that's brief ; and bid good-morrow, General.

[*Musick plays, and enter Clown from the House.*

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i'th' nose thus ?

Mus. How, Sir, how ?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments ?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir ?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you : and the General so likes your musick, that he desires you for love's sake to make no noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again. But, as they say, to hear musick, the General does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, and hie away. Go, vanish into air, away !

[*Exeunt Mus.*

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend ?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend ; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee : if the gentlewoman that attends the General's

ral's

228 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

ral's wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio* entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notifie unto her. [Exit Clown,

Cas. Do, my good friend.

To him enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago*.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted.

I have made bold to send in to your wife;

My suit is, that she will to *Desdemona*

Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her presently:

And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor

Out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free.

[Exit,

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew

A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

To him enter *Æmilia*.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I am sorry

For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.

The General and his wife are talking of it:

And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,

That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,

And great affinity; and that in wisdom

He might not but refuse you: but he loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings,

To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,

If you think fit, or that it may be done,

Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you come in,

I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I'm much bound to you.

[Exeunt,

SCENE II.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,

And by him do my duties to the senate;

That

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 229

That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordship. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good Madam, do: I know it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest fellow; doubt not, *Cassio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord,
You've known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, Lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it self so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Emilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My Lord sha'n't rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suit: therefore be merry, *Cassio*,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

SCENE IV. *Enter Othello and Iago.*

Emil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Vol. IX,

U

Des.

That

230 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now ; I'm very ill at ease :

Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion,

[Exit Cassio.]

Jago. Hah ! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say ?

Jago. Nothing, my Lord ; or if — I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife ?

Jago. *Cassio*, my Lord ? no sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my Lord ?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean ?

Des. Why, your lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now ?

Des. In sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona* ; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly ?

Oth. Sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper ?

Oth. Not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then ?

Oth. I shall not dine at home :

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow-night, or *Tuesday* morn,
Or *Tuesday* noon, or night, or *Wednesday* morn.

I pr'ythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days ; in faith, he's penitent :
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Saye

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 231

(Says that they say the wars must make example
Out of their best) is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my soul
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or stand so mamm'ring on. What? *Michael Cassio*! —
That came a wooing with you, and many a time
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly
Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do
To bring him in? trust me, I could do much —

Oth. Pr'ythee no more, let him come when he will, |
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon:
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beseech you grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come straight.

Des. *Æmilia*, come; be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Manent Othello and Iago.*

Oth. Excellent wench! * perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord!

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

* The word *Wench* heretofore carried in it a sense no ways scornful or disparaging, such as modern times have annex'd to it: It signified a young woman, often an amiable woman, so that some have thought it a corruption only from the word *Venus*. In the Play of *Antony and Cleopatra* Act 2. Sc. 3, it is thus used: *Cleopatra* is called, *Royal Wench*! and in this Play again Act 5. Sc. 9. *Oh ill star'd Wench*! So in *Fletcher's Bloody Brother* *Rolls* in the midst of his most passionate and respectful addresses to *Edith* calls her *Wench*. Act 5. Sc. 2.

232 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd my Lady,
Know of your love ?

Oth. He did from first to last ; why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago* ?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed ?

Oth. Indeed ! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou ought of that ?
Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my Lord ?

Oth. Honest ! ay, honest.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my Lord ? —

Oth. Think, my Lord ! why, by heav'n, thou echo'st me ;

As if there were some monster in thy thought

Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something :

I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that, —

When *Cassio* left my wife. — What did'st not like ?

And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,

In my whole course of wooing ; thou cry'dst, indeed ?

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit : if thou dost love me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost :

And for I know thou'rt full of honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just,

They're distillations working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest,

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 233

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then I think *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst
Of thoughts the worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.

Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts! — Why, say they're vile and false,
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,

'Cause I perchance am vicious in my guesses:
As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not; I intreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Your wisdom would not build your self a trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts —

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;

234 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousy;
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. Oh misery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt is
At once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this, —
Away at once with love, and jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*,
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well;

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 235

In *Venice* they do let heav'n see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands ; their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so ?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to then ;
She that so young could give out such a seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak —
He thought 'twas witchcraft — but I'm much to blame :
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has :
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd —
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my worthy friend.
My Lord, I see you're mov'd —

Oth. No, not much mov'd —
I do not think but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so ; and long live you to think so !

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it self —

Iago. Ay, there's the point ; — as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends :
Foh ! ope may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, tho' I may fear

Her

In

238 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And haply so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell ;
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more :
Set on thy wife t' observe. Leave me, *Iago.*

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.

[*Going.*

Oth. Why did I marry ? —

This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time :

Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet if you please to put him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means ;
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busie in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Manet Othello.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have ; or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much —
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh the curse of marriage !
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,

For

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 237

For others use. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones ;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the base ;

'Tis destiny unshunnable like death.

Even then, this forked plague is fated to us

When we do quicken. *Desdemona comes :*

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

If she be false, oh then heav'n mocks it self ;

I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello* ?

Your dinner, and the generous islanders

By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly ?

Are you not well ?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again ;

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour

It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little ; [*She drops her handkerchief.*

Let it alone : come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE VII. *Manet Æmilia.*

Æmil. I am glad I have found this napkin here :

This was her first remembrance from the Moor ;

My wayward husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,

(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)

That she reserves it evermore about her,

To kiss and talk to. I will have the work

Ta'en out, and give it to *Iago*, but

What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I :

I nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now ? what do you here alone ?

Æmil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have thing for me ?

It is a common thing —

Æmil. Ha ?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all ? what will you give me now.

For

238 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, I being here, took't up:
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [Snatching it.]

Æmil. If't be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady, she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have use for it. Go, leave me — [Exit Æmil.]

I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poisons:
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so,

[Observing Othello seemingly disturb'd.]

SCENE VIII. *Enter Othello.*

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowfie syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone; thou'st set me on the rack,
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my Lord?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stol'n hours of lust?

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 239

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me ;
I slept the next night well ; was free and merry ;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips :
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind ! Farewel content !
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue ! oh farewel !
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And oh you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel ! *Othello's* occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord ?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore ;
Be sure of it : give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*

Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on : or woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble Lord —

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;
On horror's head horrors accumulate ;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd ;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace ! oh heav'n defend me !
Are you a man ? have you a soul ? or sense ?
God be wi' you : take mine office. Wretched fool,

That

240 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

That liv'ft to make thine honesty a vice !
Oh monstrous world ! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay — thou should'ft be honest —

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife is honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
I'll have some proof. — Her name, that was as fresh
As *Dian's* visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,
I'll not endure't. Would I were satisfied !

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion ;
I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied ?

Oth. Would ? nay, and will.

Iago. And may ; but how ? how satisfied, my Lord ?
Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on ?
Behold her tupp'd ?

Oth. Death and damnation ! oh !

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect : damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own. What then ? how then ?
What shall I say ? where's satisfaction ?

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office ;
But sith I'm entred in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 241

I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep—there are a kind of men
So loose of soul, that in their sleeps will mutter
All their affairs: one of this kind is *Cassio*:
In sleep I heard him say, *Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.

And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry—*Oh sweet creature!* and then kifs me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisses by the roots
And grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh and kifs, and then
Cry, *Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.*

Oth. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. This was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I'm sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that—

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, *Iago,*
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone; —

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics tongues.

VOL. IX.

X

Iago.

242 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood —

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind may change,

Oth. Never, *Iago.* Like the *Pontick* sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on

To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellespont* :

Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

'Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up — Now by yond marble heav'n,

In the due rev'ence of a sacred vow,

[*He kneels.*

I here engage my words —

Iago. Do not rise yet :

[*Iago kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!

You elements that clip us round about!

Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd *Othello's* service. Let him command,

Nor to obey shall be in me remorse,

What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks but with acceptance bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't :

Within these three days let me hear thee say,

That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead ;

'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her, damn her!

Come go with me apart ; I will withdraw

To furnish me with some swift means of death

For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant *Cassio* lyes?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clown. He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies,
'tis stabbing,

Des.

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 243

Des. Go to ; where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clown. I know not where he lodges ; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out ? and be edified by report ?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him, that is, make questions, and bid them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither ; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [*Exit Clown.*]

Des. Where should I lose the handkerchief, *Æmilia* ?

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous ?

Des. Who, he ? I think the Sun where he was born Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is it with you, my Lord ?

S C E N E X. *Enter Othello.*

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardness to dissemble ! [*Aside*]
How do you, *Desdemona* ?

Des. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand ; this hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart :
Hot, hot, and moist — this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty ; fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels : 'tis a good hand,
A very frank one.

244 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hands of old gave hearts ;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this ; come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I've sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me ;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not ? —

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief

Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give ;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father

Intirely to her love ; but if she lost it

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt

After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,

And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,

To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't ;

Make it a darling like your precious eye ;

To lose't or give't away, were such perdition

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true ; there's magick in the web of it ;

A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world

Of the sun's course two hundred compasses,

In her prophetick fury sow'd the work :

The worms were hallowed, that did breed the silk,

And it was dy'd in mummey, which the skilful

Conserv'd of maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed ! is't true !

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heav'n, that I had never seen't !

Oth. Ha ! wherefore ?

Des.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 245

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'th' way?

Des. Bless us! —

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick to put me from my suit,

Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief — my mind misgives —

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief —

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief —

Des. Insooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit Othello.]

SCENE XI. *Manent Desdemona and Emilia.*

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:

They are but stomachs, and we all but food,

They eat us hungerly, and when they're full

They belch us. Look you! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;

And lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,

That by your virtuous means I may again

Exist, and be a member of his love,

Whom I, with all the office of my heart,

Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;

If my offence be of such mortal kind,

That not my service past, nor present sorrows,

246 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again;
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle *Cassio*,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for my self I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm
Pust his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [Exit,

SCENE XII.

Manent Desdemona, Æmilia, and Cassio.

Des. I pr'ythee do so. Something sure of state,
Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonstrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was, unhandsonie wrangler as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;

But

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 247

But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n it be
State-matter, as you think, and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause,
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from *Othello's* mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen!

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.*]

SCENE XIII. *Enter Bianca.*

Bian. 'Save you, friend *Cassio*.

Cas. What makes you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca*?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio*.
What? keep a week away? seven days and nights?
[*Exit.*] Eightscore eight hours? and lover's absent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more convenient time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*,

[*Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

Bian. *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause;
Is't come to this? well, well.

Cas. Well, go to, woman;
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That

But

248 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance :
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it ?

Cas. I know not neither ; I found it in my chamber ;
I like the work well ; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied :
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you ? wherefore ?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you ?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. Nor that you love me.

I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night ?

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good ; I must be circumstanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. WILL you think so ?

Oth. Think so, *Iago* ?

Iago. What, to kiss in private ?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss ?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm ?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm ?

It is hypocrisie against the devil :

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts not, they tempt heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip ;

But if I give my wife a handkerchief —

Oth. What then ?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is proprietor of her honour too ;
May she give that ?

Iago.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 249

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the handkerchief —

Oth. By heav'n, I would most gladly have forgot it;
Thou saidst, — oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boarding to all, — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say? as knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress
Convinc'd or suppl'd them, then cannot chuse
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my Lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did — I know not what he did —

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye —

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? on her — what you will —

Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! lye with her! that's
falsom: handkerchief — Confessions — Handkerchief — I
tremble at it — Nature would not invest her self in such
shadowing without some induction. It is not words that
shake me thus — pish — Noses, ears, and lips — is't pos-
sible! — confess! — handkerchief! — Oh devil —

[*Falls in a Trance.*]

Iago. Work on!

My medicine works. Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus
All guiltless meet reproach. What hoa! my Lord!
My Lord, I say, *Othello!*

SCENE II. *Enter Cassio.*

How now, *Cassio*?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is fall'n into an epilepsie,

This

250 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

This is the second fit ; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,

The lethargy must have his quiet course ;

If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by

Breaks out to savage madness : — look, he stirs.

Do you withdraw your self a little while,

He will recover straight ; when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*]

How is it, General ? have you not hurt your head ?

Oth. Dost thou mock me ?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n ;

Would you would bear your fortune like a man !

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it ?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man :

Think every bearded fellow that's but yolk'd

May draw with you. Millions are now alive,

That nightly lye in those unproper beds,

Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case

Is better : oh, it is the spight of hell,

The fiend's arch-mock, to lip a wanton in

A secure couch, and to suppose her chaste.

No, let me know, and knowing what I am

I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise ;

'Tis certain.

Iago. Stand you now a while apart,

Confine your self but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,

(A passion most unfitting such a man)

Cassio came hither. I shifted him away,

And laid good 'scuses on your ecstasie ;

Bad him anon return, and here speak with me ;

The which he promis'd. Do but encave your self,

And mark the sneers, the gibes and notable scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face.

For I will make him tell the tale anew ;

Where,

Where,

He hath,

I say, but

Or I shall

And not

Oth. I

I will be

But, dost

Iago.

But yet

Now will

A husband

Boys here

That dost

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And his

Poor *Cas*

Quite in

Cas.

Whose

Iago.

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How qu

Cas.

Oth.

Iago.

Cas.

Oth.

Iago.

Oth.

To tell

Iago.

Do you

Cas.

Oth.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 251

Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.

I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;

Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,

And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago*?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;

But, dost thou hear, most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,

A huswife, that by selling her desires,

Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature

That dotes on *Cassio*, as 'tis the strumpet's plague

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;

He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain

From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

SCENE III. *Enter Cassio.*

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;

And his unbookish jealousy must construe

Poor *Cassio*'s smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,

Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you gave me the addition,

Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:

Now, if this suit lay in *Bianca*'s power, [*Speaking lower.*]

How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look how he laughs already.

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.

Iago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: go to, well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do you triumph, *Roman*? do you triumph?

Cas.

252 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Caf. I marry! — What? a customer? pr'ythee bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholsome. Ha, ha, ha.

Otb. So, so: they laugh that win.

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Caf. Pr'ythee say true.

Iago. I am a villain else.

Otb. Have you scor'd me? well.

Caf. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is perswaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Otb. *Iago* beckons me: now he begins the story.

Caf. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck —

Otb. Crying, oh dear *Cassio*, as it were: his gesture imports it.

Caf. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha —

Otb. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Caf. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

SCENE IV. Enter Bianca.

Caf. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one: — What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the work? a likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must make out the work: there, give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caf. How now, my sweet *Bianca*? how now? how now?

Otb. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [Exit

Iago.

Iago.
Caf.
Iago.
Caf.
Iago.
fain sp
Caf.
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S
Otb.
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Iago.
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And the
Iago.
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But yet t
Iago.
sent to of
Otb.
Iago.
WOL.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 253

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sop there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee come, will you?

Iago. Go to, say no more.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

SCENE V. *Manent Othello and Iago.*

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*! —

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife — She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:

A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman! —

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature — She might lye by an Emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is — so delicate with her needle — An admirable musician. Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times:

And then of so gentle condition! —

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago* — Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago* —

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patient to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

WOL. IX,

Y

Oth.

254 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker:

You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*]

Oth. Excellent good: — what trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant you 'tis something come from *Venice*.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oh! it is *Lodovico* from the Duke:

And see, your wife is with him.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and senators of *Venice* greet you.

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their good pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord!

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will* — [*Reading.*]

Lod. He did not call; he's busie in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

To attune them, for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod.

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 255

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him.

For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Cassio* in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil!

[Striking her.]

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:
Out of my sight —

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[Going.]

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:

I do beseech your Lordship call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my Lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:

Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep:
And she's obedient: as you say, obedient;
Very obedient — proceed you in your tears —
Concerning this, Sir, — oh well painted passion! —
I am commanded home — get you away,
I'll send for you anon — Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice* — Hence, avant! — [Exit Des.
Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus* —

Goats and Monkeys!

[Exit.]

SCENE VII. Manent Lodovico and Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the nature

256 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident or dart of chance
Could neither raze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heav'n he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry that I was deceiv'd in him. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What? did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. That's strange!

Æmil. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse!

For

For if
There's
Is foul
Oth.
She says
That ca
A closet
And yet
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Def.
Oth.
Def.
Oth.
Def.
Oth.
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Why I
Oth.
To try

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 257

For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [Exit Æmilia.]

She says enough ; yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much : this is a subtle one,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets ;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I've seen her do't.

SCENE IX. *Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.*

Des. My Lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes ; look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress, [To Æmilia.]
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.

Your mystery, your mystery ; nay, dispatch. [Exit Æmilia.]

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import ?
I understand a fury in your words,

But not your words.

Oth. Why ? what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my Lord ; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it ; damn thy self ; lest being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd ; swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord ?

With whom ? how am I false ?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona*, away, away, away —

Des. Alas the heavy day ! why do you weep ?
Am I the motive of these tears, my Lord ?

If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had it rain'd

258 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at —
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in: turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
There, there look grim as hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh ay, as summer-flies are in the shambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense akes at thee —
Would thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What, what committed?
Committed? oh, thou publick commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear't. Committed?—impudent strumpet!

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my Lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 259

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, heav'n forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello* —

SCENE X. *Enter Æmilia.*

Come you, mistress,

That have the office opposite to Saint *Peter*,

And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

We have done our course, there's money for your pains;

I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you, Madam? how do you, my good Lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Des. With whom, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*,

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,

But what should go by water. Pray, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember:

And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed!

[*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet:

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick

The small'st opinion of my least misuse?

SCENE XI. *Enter Iago and Æmilia.*

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam? how is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those that do teach your babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easie tasks;

He might have chid me so: for, in good faith,

I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, Lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,

That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago.

260 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Iago. What name, fair Lady?

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't: how comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander: I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him!

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that such companion thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the east to th' west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh fie upon him! Some such 'squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 261

Delighted them on any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't say *worse*,
It does abhor me now I speak the word ;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's mals of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content ; 'tis but his humour ;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other —

Iago. It is but so, I warrant.

Hark how these instruments summon to supper ! [*Trumpets.*
The messenger of *Venice* stays the meat ;
Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.*

SCENE XII. *Enter Rodorigo.*

How now, *Rodorigo* ?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou dost 'st me with some device, *Iago* ;
and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all
conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of
hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet
perswaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly
suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo* ?

Rod. I have heard too much ; and your words and per-
formances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth : I have wasted my self
out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to
deliver to *Desdemona*, would have half corrupted a Votarist.
You have told me she hath received them, and return'd
me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquit-
tance, but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to ; very well.

Rod.

262 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Rod. Very well ? go to ? I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well ; nay, I think it is scurvy ; and begin to find my self fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my self known to *Desdemona* : If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation : if not, assure your self I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou hast taken against me a most just exception ; but I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd ; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well ; what is it ? is it within reason and compass ?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true ? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh no ; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingred here by some accident : wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him ?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place ; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do ?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do your self a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot ; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune ; if you will

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Rod. I

Iago.

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If I do

In one

Æmil

Def.

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 263

will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your self no further.

Oth. Oh pardon; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh Desdemona! —

[Ex. Lod. &c.]

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look't be done.

[Exit.]

Des. I will, my Lord.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent,

And hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bid me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.

We must not now displesa him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,

(Pr'ythee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good father! how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me

In one of these same sheets.

Emil. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara,

264 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
Not to go hang my head all on one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here;

This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd
barefoot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat singing by a *hycamore* tree, [Singing,

Sing all a green willow:

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and sofin'd the stones;

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow. (Pr'ythee hie thee, he'll come anon)

Sing all a green willow must be my garland,

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

Nay that's not next — Hark, who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone, good-night; mine eyes do itch,

Doth that boad weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so; oh these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmil.*

That there be women do abuse their husbands

In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heav'nly light,

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 265

Æmil. Nor I neither by this heav'nly light, I might do't
as well i' th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing; it is a great price,
for a small vice.

Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Æmil. In troth I think I should, and unswear't when I
had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint
ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats,
nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole
world! why, who would not make her husband a cuckold,
to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' th' world;
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your
own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as
would store the world they plaid for.

But I do think it is their husbands faults,
If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint on us; or say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sower,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it sport?
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good-night; good-night; heav'n me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*]

266 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before the Palace. Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. **H**ere, stand behind this bulk. Straight will he come :

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
Quick, quick, fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us : think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath given me satisfying reasons ;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword ; he dies.

[Goes and stands apart.]

Iago. I've rubb'd this young quab almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*.

It must not be. If *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly ; and besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him ; there stand I in peril ;
No, he must die. Be it so ; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate ; 'tis he : villain, thou diest.

[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st :
I will make proof of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

[Fight, and both fall.]

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever ; help, ho ! murder, murder !

[Iago behind cuts Cassio on the leg, and Exit.]

SCENE II. *Enter Othello above at a Window.*

Oth. The voice of *Cassio* ; *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. Oh villain that I am !

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh help, ho ! light ! a surgeon !

Oth.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 267

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong,
Thou teachest me — Minion, your dear lyes dead,
And your fate hies apace. Strumpet, I come :
From off my heart those charms thine eyes are blotted :
Thy bed lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[*Exit Othello.*]

SCENE III. *Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder, murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voice is very direful.

Cas. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;

These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe

To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his shirt, with a Light and Sword.

Lod. Hark.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries out

Lod. We do not know.

[*murder?*]

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here: for heav'n's sake help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. *Iago?* oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!

Give me some help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous villains!

What are you there? come in and give some help.

Rod. Oh help me there.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous slave! oh villain! [*Iago stabs him.*]

Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog! [*Dies.*]

Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be these bloody thieves?

268 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

How silent is this town! ho, murther! murther!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico*?

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by villains.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry heav'n forbid:

Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

SCENE IV. *Enter Bianca.*

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd!

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*, oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. Oh notable strumpet! *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus:

I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So — Oh for a chair,
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*, come, come:
Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear country-man
Rodorigo? no: yes sure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? oh a chair, a chair.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh that's well said, the chair.

Some

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 269

Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lyes slain here,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you ?

Cas. None in the world ; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale ? — oh bear him out o'th'air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress ?
Do you perceive the gashness of her eye ?
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon. [*To Bianca.*
Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,
Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness
Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

SCENE V. *Enter Emilia.*

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter ?

What is the matter, husband ?

Iago. *Cassio* hath here been set on in the dark
By *Roderigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd :
He's almost slain, and *Roderigo* dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman ! alas, good *Cassio* !

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he sapt to-night.

What, do you shake at that ?

Bian. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. Oh did he so ? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, strumpet !

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I ? fie upon thee !

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio* drest.
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Æmilia, run to the citadel,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd :

Will you go on afore ? — This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber : Desdemona is discovered asleep in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light, and a Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

270 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster : [*Lays down the sword.*]
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light : and then — put out *thy* light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent : but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy light re-lumine.

[*Sets down the candle, not putting it out.*]
When I have pluck'd the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither — I'll smell thee on the tree ;

[*Kissing her.*]

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more ;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after — One more, that's the last,
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal ! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : this sorrow's heav'nly,
It strikes, where it doth love — She wakes —

Des. Who's there ? *Othello* ?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord ?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemona* ?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink your self of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,

What may you mean by that ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heav'n's fore-fend, I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing ?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me !

Oth. Amen, with all my heart !

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth.

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice, 271

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you : for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl so. Why I should fear I know not,
Since guilt I know not : yet I feel I fear,

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural ; what ! kill for loving !

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip ?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame ;

These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so : what's the matter ?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soul : send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently.

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin :

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me !

Oth. I say, amen !

Des. And have you mercy too ! I never did

Offend you in my life ; never lov'd *Cassio*,

But with such general warranty of heav'n,

As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.

Oh perjur'd woman ! thou dost stone my heart,

And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.

I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then ;

I never gave it him ; send for him hither,

Let him confess a truth.

272 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee —

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets. Oh! what, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I'm undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. Oh banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive —

Des. But half an hour * — but while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

[*Smother's her.*]

SCENE VII. *Æmilia at the door.*

Æmil. My Lord! my Lord! what hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. What noise is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

I that am cruel, am yet merciful,

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Æmil. What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis Æmilia — by and by — she's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high. Ha, no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?

I think she stirs again — No — what's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife;

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

* Des. But half an hour —

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 273

Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration—

Æmil. I beseech you
That I may speak with you. Oh, good my Lord!—

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh come in, *Æmilia*.

Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.

Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

[*Unlocks the door.*]

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul murders done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon,
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Æmil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?

Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh falsely, falsely murder'd!

Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? what?

Æmil. Out and alas, that was my Lady's voice.
Help! help, ho! help! oh Lady, speak again;
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Des. No body, I my self, farewell;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh farewell! [Dies.]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Æmil. Alas! who knows?

Oth. You heard her say her self, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell,

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Æmil. Oh the more angel she, and you the blacker devil,

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth.

274 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Oth. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.

Oth. *Cassio* did tup her; ask thy husband else.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with *Cassio*: had she been true,
If heav'n would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say thy husband.

Æmil. Oh mistress! villainy has made mocks with love.
My husband say she was false!

Oth. He, woman;

I say thy husband; dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a-day! he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah!

Æmil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more-worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to bear hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt; thou'st done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder, murder!

SCENE

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 275

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man;
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie; an odious damned lie:
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.

She false with Cassio? did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; go to, charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to speak;
My mistress lyes here murther'd in her bed.*

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello falls on the bed.

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh she was foul!

I scarce did know you, uncle; there lyes your niece, [Rising
Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stop'd;

* --- murther'd in her bed.

All. Oh heav'n's forehead!

Æmil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act!

Æmil. Villainy! villainy! villainy!

I think upon't --- I think --- I smell't --- Oh villainy!

I thought so then; I'll kill my self for grief;

Oh villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? &c.

276 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

I know this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona*! I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This fight would make him do a desp'rate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That she with *Cassio* hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. *Cassio* confess it,
And he did gratifie his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave; I saw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out—I peace!
No, I will speak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his Wife.*]

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
I found by fortune, and did give my husband; [*Speak'st of*
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Æmil. She give it *Cassio*? alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth; thou liest.

Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[*Iago breaks through and wounds his Wife, then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heav'n,
But what serve for the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; 'sure he hath kill'd his wife.

Æmil.

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 277

Æmil. Ay, ay; oh lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

SCENE IX.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy song boad, Lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick; *Willow, Willow, Willow* —
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true!
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Æmilias dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a sword of *Spain*, the *Ebro's* temper;
Oh here it is: uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did it self sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost fail.

* In the first edition it is *Ishbrooke's temper*. Thence corrupted to
Is brook's. *Ebro's* temper: the waters of that river of Spain are par-
ticularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the
world, the *Catalonian* Fuices.

278 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear :
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go ?
Now — how dost thou look now ? oh ill-starr'd wench !
Pale as thy smock ! When we shall meet at compt,
This lock of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?
Ev'n like thy chastity. Oh cursed slave !
Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heav'nly sight ;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire —
Oh *Desdemona* ! *Desdemona* ! dead, dead ! oh, oh !

SCENE X. *Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded,
Montano, and Iago prisoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello* : here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper ? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet ; but that's a fable.

If that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee.

Othello wounds Iago.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, but am not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither : I'd have thee live ;
For in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee ?

Oth. Why, any thing ;

An honourable murth'r'r, if you will :

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy :
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon :
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing ; what you know, you know ;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 279

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Rodorigo*,
And here another; one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook

By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. Oh villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this it seems
Rodorigo meant t' have sent this damned villain;
But that belike *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!

How came you, *Cassio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is besides, in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;

280 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
 Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well ;
 Of one, not easily jealous ; but being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extrem ; of one whose hand,
 Like the base *Judean*, * threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose eyes
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this :
 And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the state,
 I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him, thus.

[Stabs himself.]

Lod. Oh bloody period !

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
 Killing my self, to die upon a kifs. [Din.]

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon ;
 For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* † dog ! [To Iago.]

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !
 Look on the tragick loading of this bed ;
 This is thy work ; the object poisons sight, —
 Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you. To you, Lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain :
 The time, the place, the torture, oh ! inforce it.
 My self will straight aboard, and to the state,
 This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [Exeunt.]

* Meaning *Herod* who slew his wife *Mariamne* whom he passionately loved.

† The Dogs of *Spartan* race were reckon'd among those of the most fierce and savage kind.

The End of SHAKESPEAR's Plays.

GLOSSARY

EXPLAINING

The obsolete and difficult Words
in the PLAYS of

SHAKESPEAR.

Note. That when a Word is used but once, or in a sense which is singular; the Volume and the Page are noted down, where the same is to be found.

And When a Word is not properly English, but borrowed from a foreign Language, and not familiarized by Use into our own; the original word in such foreign Language is set down.

A

TO ABY, Vol. 1. 99. to suffer for, to pay dear for.
To ACCITE, to call, to summon or send for.
Lat. *Accire*.

To AFFEER, to confirm, to ascertain: A Law-term used in Court-Leets, and signifying to confirm or fix by Persons properly chosen the Mulcts there imposed upon such as have committed faults arbitrarily punishable, and which have no express penalty annexed to them by any Statute.
Fr. *Affeurar*.

To AFFIE, to affiance, to betroth; also, to confide.

To AFFRONT, to front, or confront, or face.

An AGLET, the Tag of a Lace, or of the Points formerly used as Ornaments in dress, and which (for the greater finery)

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- finery) were often cut in the shape of little Images. Fr. *Aiguillette*.
- To AGNIZE, Vol. 9. 204. to acknowledge, to avow. Lat. *Agnoscere*.
- AGOOD, Vol. 1. 172. Much, a great deal.
- AN AIERY, the Nest of an Hawk, and sometimes the brood of Hawks belonging to a particular nest.
- ALDER, of all. ALDER-LIEFEST, dearest of all.
- AN ANCIENT, an Ensign, or Standard-bearer.
- ANTHROPOPHAGINIAN, Vol 1. 240. a Man-eater. Gr. *Ἀνθρωποφάγος*.
- AN ANTRE, Vol. 9. 201. a Cave or Cavern. Fr. *Antre*; Lat. *Antrum*.
- To APPEACH, Vol. 3. 162. to impeach.
- To APPEAL, to accuse.
- APPROOF, the same as proof.
- AN ARGOSIE, a Ship; from *Argo* the ship of the *Argonauts*.
- AROINT thee! avaunt! stand off! this word seems to come from the Latin *Dii averrauncent!*
- ASCAUNCE, awry.
- An ASSINEGO, Vol. 8. 165. an Ass-driver or Ass-keeper. Ital. *Afináio*.
- ATE, the Goddess of Mischief.
- ATTAINTS, Vol. 5. 51. the same as Taints: stains, blemishes, any strokes or touches of infection either in a natural or moral sense. Fr. *Atteintes*.
- To ATTONE, to appease, to reconcile; also, to be reconciled, to agree.

B

- BACCALA'RE, Vol. 3. 101. a self-conceited pretending Spark. An *Italian* word.
- To BAIT, a Term in Falconry, when the Hawk spreads and claps her wings.
- BALDRICK, a Belt. Fr. *Baudrier*.
- BALE, Misfortune, Sorrow.
- BALK'd, Vol. 5. 7. Floated: from the *Italian* Verb *Valicare*.
- BAN-DOGS, Vol. 6: 21. Dogs kept in bands, tied up.

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A GLOSSARY, &c.

To **BANDY**, to canvals, to dispute, to quarrel, most especially by retorting angry and provoking words : a metaphor taken from striking the balls at Tennis which is the primary sense of the word. *Fr. Bander.*

BARBASON, Vol. 5. 190. the Name of a Devil or Fiend. See Vol. 1. 210.

BARBED, see **UNBARBED**.

BASE, Country-base, Vol. 8. 311. a sport used amongst Country people called Prison-base, in which some pursue to take others Prisoners. And therefore "I bid the base" Vol. 1. 129. is by using the language of that sport to say, "my business is to take prisoners."

BASE COURT, Vol. 4. 301. a back Yard. *Fr. Basse-cour.*

BASTA, it sufficeth, it is enough. An *Italian* word.

BATED, abated, sunk.

A **BATLET**, a flat piece of Wood, with which Washer-Women beat coarse Linnen.

To **BATTEN**, to feed, to pasture.

BAVEN, brush wood, faggot wood.

BAWCOCK, a coaxing term : probably from the French *Bas coque.*

BEARNS, Children.

BEHESTs or **HESTs**, Commands.

A **BERGOMASK-DANCE**, Vol. 1. 118. a Dance after the manner of the Peasants of *Bergomasco* a Country in *Italy*, belonging to the *Venetians*. All the buffoons in *Italy* affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that People, and from thence it became a Custom to mimick also their manner of dancing.

BESHREW ! an Imprecation, as "beshrew my Heart !" *ill betide my Heart !*

To **BESMIRCH** or **SMIRCH**, to besmear, to foul, to dirty.

BESTRAUGHT, Mad, distracted.

To **BETEEM**, Vol. 1. 68. to yield, to deliver. *Span.*

A **BEVER**, that part of the Helmet, which lets down over the face, with a grate of iron bars before the Eyes. *Span. Bavera.*

To **BEWRAY**, to discover, to reveal.

BE-

A GLOSSARY, &c.

BEZONIAN, a beggarly scoundrel. Ital. *Bisogno*.

A BIGGEN, a Cap or Coif of Linnen like those worn by Children with a stay under the Chin. Fr. *Beguin*.

A BILBERRY, the fruit of a small shrub, of a blue colour.

BILBO, "like a good Bilbo" Vol. 1. 223. a sword-blade of *Bilbo* which will bend almost round in a circle without breaking.

BISSON or **BEESEN**, blear-eyed.

A BLANK, Vol. 4. 97. a white or mark to shoot at. Fr. *Blanc*.

To BLENCH, to boggle or turn aside with fear.

BLENT, the same as blended, mingled.

To BOLT or **BOULT**, to sift as they do Meal thro' a sieve.

To BOLTER, as *Blood-bolter'd*, Vol. 8. 116. to welter, to wallow. Fr. *Veautrer*. Lat. *Volutare*.

A BOMBARD or **BUMBARD**, Vol. 1. 30. a Mortar-piece or great Gun. Fr. *Bombarde*: but in other places, as Vol. 5. 41. and Vol. 6. 357. the word is used for a drinking vessel: and there is still in use in the Northern parts of *England* a kind of flagon without a Cover and of the same bigness from top to bottom which retains the name of a *Gun*.

A BORNE, a limit or boundary. Fr. *Borne*. This hath hath been falsely printed *Bourn*, which signifies another thing, namely a book or stream of water.

A BOW, Vol. 3. 47. a Yoke.

A BRACH. The *Italian* word *Bracco*, from which this is derived, is understood to signify any kind of Beagle, Hound or setting Dog: but *Jo. Caius*, in his book of *British* Dogs, says that with us it most properly belongs to Bitches of the hunting kind, and in that sense *Shakspeare* uses it.

To BRACK, Vol. 1. 9. to salt. It is still used as an adjective in *Lincolnshire* and the northern Counties: and *Brackish* is retained in use every where.

BRAID or **BREID**, Vol. 3. 201. bred, of a breed, of a certain turn of temper and conditions from the breed: a *Scotch* and *North Country* Word.

A BRAKE, Vol. 1. 85. and 90. a Thicket or Cover.

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A GLOSSARY, &c.

A BRIEF, Vol. 3. 176. any Process or Order issuing from the King.

BROACHED, Vol. 5. 247. spitted, thrust through with a spit. Fr. *Brochée*.

A BROCH or **BROOCH** or **BROWCH**, an Ornament of Gold worn sometimes about the Neck, and sometimes about the Arm.

A BROCK, Vol. 3. 258. a Badger.

To BROOCH, Vol. 7. 323. to adorn.

BROGUES, the shoes or pumps which are worn by the *Irish* Peasants.

To BUDGE or **BODGE**, Vol. 6. 105. to give way, to stir, to quit a place. Fr. *Bouger*.

A BURGONET, Vol. 6. 85. a steel Cap, worn for the defence of the Head in battle. Fr. *Bourguinotte*.

BUSKY or **BOSKY**, Woody: from the old French word *Bosc*, of which *Bosquet* now in use is a diminutive.

C

A CADE, Vol. 6. 64. A Cask. Lat. *Cadus*: also when joined to the name of any beast it signifies *tame*, brought up by hand.

CADIS, Vol. 4. 56. a Galloon or binding made of Worsted: a *French* word.

CALIVER, the diameter or bore of a Gun: thence sometimes the Gun it self. Fr. *Calibre*.

A CALLAT. This word has two significations: sometimes a scold and sometimes a lewd drab.

A CANTLE, Vol. 5. 46. a division or segment of Land, or other thing. Ital. *Cantone*. Fr. *Canton*.

A CANZONET, Vol. 2. 306. a song, a ditty. Ital. *Canzonetta*.

CAPPOCHIA, Vol. 8. 200. a Fool. An *Italian* word.

A CARACK, Vol. 2. 105. a huge Ship of Burthen, used by the *Spaniards* and *Portuguese*. Ital. *Caracca*.

CARACTS, Vol. 2. 65. Characters.

A CARKANET, a necklace. Fr. *Carcan*.

A CARLE, a Clown, a Churl.

CARRAT, the Weight which distinguishes the fineness of Gold. Fr. *Carat*.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- A CASK**, Vol. 8. 37. an Helmet. Fr. *Casque*.
- CATAIAN**, Vol. 1. 201. *Cataia* is a Country on the North of *China*, which, in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, was reported by the first Voyagers thither to be rich in Gold Ore, and upon that encouragement many Persons were persuaded to adventure great sums of Money in fitting out Ships thither, as for a most gainful trade; but it prov'd to be a notorious deceit and falshood: hence *Cataian* stands for one of no credit.
- CATLINGS**, Vol. 8. 197. small strings for musical Instruments made of Cat-gut.
- CAUTEL**, Vol. 9. 98. an ill designing Craft in order to ensnare. So
- CAUTELOUS**, Vol. 7. 136. Crafty, Cunning, Deceitful. So is the French *Cauteloux* always used in a bad sense, dangerously artificial.
- A CEARMENT**, Vol. 9. 102. the wrapping of an enbalm'd Body. Ital. *Ceramento*.
- A CENSER**, Vol. 5. 167. A plate or dish, in which they burnt Incense, and at the bottom of which was usually represented in rude carving the figure of some Saint. Fr. *Encensoir*.
- CHARNECO**, Vol. 6. 33. This seems to have been a cant-word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken Fellows to the Stocks, since in Spanish *Cbarniegos* is a term used for the Stocks. *Beaum.* and *Fl.* use the same word in the Play, *Wit without money*.
- CHAWDRON**, Vol. 8. 114. a dish of meat still used in the northern parts of *England*, made of the Entrails of a Calf.
- A CHEVRIL**, a Kid. Fr. *Chevreau*.
- A CHEWET**, Vol. 5. 71. a Pie or Magpie. Fr. *Cbouette* or *Cbevette*.
- A CHIOPPINE**, Vol. 9. 123. a thick piece of cork, bound about with Tin or Silver, worn by the Women in *Spain* at the bottom of their shoes to make them appear taller. Span. *Chapin*.
- A CHOUGH** or **CORNISH CHOUGH**, a bird, which frequents the Rocks by the Sea-side, most like to a Jackdaw, but bigger.

CINQUE.

CINQ
A CIT
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COLL
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a wor
To CR
A CRE
light-
sette,
cross
CRISP,
which

A GLOSSARY, &c.

CINQUE-PACE, a grave dance so called. Fr. *Cinque pas*.

A CITAL, Vol. 5. 76. a Recital.

To CLEPE, to call.

COBLOAF, Vol. 8. 165. a mishapen loaf of bread, run out in the baking into lumps and protuberancies.

COCKLE, a Weed in Corn.

To COCKLE, to shrink, to wrinkle up.

A COCKNEY, one born and bred in the City, and ignorant of all things out of it.

COIGNE or COIN, a Corner. Fr. *Coin*.

CO L, bustle, tumult.

COLLIED, Vol. 1. 69. sooty, black.

To CON, to learn, to know, to understand. To *con thanks* means the same as to *give thanks*, being to be reckon'd a particular phrase, and indeed a Græcism, *χαρειν ολδα*.

To CONVENT, Vol. 3. 294. to concur, to be suitable. Lat. *Convenire*.

To CONVINCe, to overcome, in which sense the Latin word *Convincio* is used sometimes.

To CONVIVE, to feast together. Lat. *Convivere*.

COPATAIN, Vol. 3. 139. high raised, pointed: from *Coppe*, the top or point of any thing.

To COPE, to encounter, also, Vol. 9. 63. to invest one's self with, as with a Cope or Mantle.

A COROLLARY, Vol. 1. 45. an over-measure in any thing, or a surplus thrown in. Fr. *Corollaire*. Lat. *Corollarium*.

A COSIER, Vol. 3. 249. a Botcher: from the old French *Couser*, to sew.

To COURB, Vol. 9. 150. to bend. Fr. *Courber*.

To COWER, to sink or squat down. Ital. *Covare*. Fr. *Courver*.

To CRASH, Vol. 9. 15. to be merry over: a Crash being a word still used in some Countries for a merry bout.

To CRAVEN, Vol. 8. 281. to make recreant or cowardly.

A CRESSET, Vol. 5. 44. a great light set upon a beacon, light-house or watch-tower: from the French word *Croisette*, a little Cross, because the beacons anciently had crosses on the top of them.

CRISP, Vol. 7. 50. glittering or making things glitter, in which sense the verb *crispere* in Latin is sometimes used.

It

A GLOSSARY, &c.

It also signifies curled from the Latin *Crispus*.

A CROAN, Vol. 4. 31. an old toothless Sheep: thence an old Woman.

CUISSES, Vol. 5. 63. Armour for the thighs. Fr. *Cuisse*. *sarts*.

A CULLION, a Fool, a dull stupid Cuddon. Ital. *Cogliône*.

A CUTTLE, Vol. 5. 117. in its proper sense is a Sea-fish, which by throwing out a black juice like Ink fouls the Water and so escapes the fisher. Hence by metaphor it is used to signify a foul-mouth'd fellow.

CURFEU, the eight o' clock bell. Fr. *Couvre feu*.

D

To DAFTE, to put by, to turn aside with slight and neglect.
DANK, moist, damp.

To DARRAIGN, Vol. 6. 116. to range, or put in order.
Fr. *Arranger*.

A DECK of Cards, the same as a Pack.

A DEEM, Vol. 8. 204. a supposition, a surmise.

To DEFEND, Vol. 9. 205. to forbid. Fr. *Defendre*.

DEFTLY, Nimble, briskly. **DEFT**, nimble, ready, neat, spruce.

To DERACINATE, to eradicate, to root up. Fr. *Deraciner*.

DEWBERRIES, Vol. 1. 89. strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild Bramble called the creeping or the lesser Bramble: but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits they must be understood to mean Raspberries which are also of the Bramble-kind.

A DIBBLE, an Instrument with which Gardeners make holes in the Earth.

To DIET, to limit, to controul, to prescribe to.

To DISCANDY, to dissolve, to melt, to thaw.

DISMES, Vol. 3. 167. Tenths: a French word.

To DISPERGE, Vol. 7. 315. to sprinkle, to scatter. Lat. *Dispergo*.

To DOFF, to put off.

DRAFF, Vol. 5. 65. Wash for Hogs.

To DRUMBLE, Vol. 1. 221. to drone, to be sluggish.
Ital. *Dormigliare*.

DULCET,

A GLOSSARY, &c.

DULCET, sweet. Lat. *Dulcis*.

E

To EAR, to plough or till.

ELD, old times, also, old age.

To ELFE, Vol. 4. 126. to intangle hair in so intricate a manner that it is not to be unravell'd. This the vulgar have supposed to be the work of Fairies in the nights: and all hair so matted together hath had the name of Elfe-locks.

To EMBALL, Vol. 6. 305. to make up into a Pack. Fr. *Emballer*.

EMBOWELL'D, Vol. 3. 163. Emptied.

To EMMEW, Vol. 2. 38. to mew up, to coop up.

An ENGLE, Vol. 3. 126. a Gull, a Put, a Bubble: derived from the French word *Engluer*, which signifies to catch with bird-lime.

ENGLUTTED, Vol. 5. 234. swallow'd up. Fr. *Englouti*.

To ENMESH, Vol. 9. 226. to intangle in the Meshes of a Net.

To ENSEAR, to sear up, to make dry.

To ENSCONCE, to cover as with a Fort, to secure.

ENSHIELD, Vol. 2. 32. shielded, protected.

ENSTEEPED, Vol. 9. 210. lying under water.

To ENTAME, Vol. 3. 50. to tame, to subdue.

ESCOTED, Vol. 9. 121. pension'd: from the French *Escot*, a Shot or Reckoning.

EXIGENT, a Law-term, a Writ sued out when the Defendant is not to be found, being part of the Process leading to an Out-lawry. *Shakespeare* uses it for any extremity.

EXPEDIENT, the same as expeditious. EXPEDIENCE, expedition.

EXSUFFOLATE, Vol. 9. 234. whisper'd, buzz'd in the Ears: from the Italian Verb *Suffolare*.

An EYAS or EYESS, a young Hawk just taken from the Nest, not able to prey for it self. Fr. *Niais*: for Eyas-musket, see MUSKET.

An EYERY, an Hawk's Nest.

Vol. IX,

B b

To

A GLOSSARY, &c.

F

To FADE, to disappear, to vanish.

A FARROW, Vol. 8. 115. the litter of a Sow.

FARSED or FARCED, stuff'd out. *Fr. Farci.*

A FARTHEL or FARDEL, a bundle, a pack, a burthen.
Ital. Fardello.

FAVOUR, Vol. 4. 148. Countenance, Visage.

FELL, fierce, cruel.

A FELL, a skin or hide of a beast. *Fell of hair*, Vol. 8.
133. is the whole scalp, upon which the hair grows.

A FEODARY, Vol. 2. 33. One who holds his Estate
under the tenure of suit and service to a superior Lord.

FEWNESS, Vol. 2. 15. Rarity.

A FITCHEW, Vol. 4. 162. a Polcat.

A FLAMEN, a Priest; a *Latin* word.

FLAWS, sudden gusts of wind. See Vol. 5. 148.

FLECKER'D, Vol. 9. 32. spotted, speckled, flush'd with
red spots.

FLEW'D, Vol. 1. 106. FLEWS are the large chaps of a
deep-mouth'd hound.

To FLICKER, Vol. 4. 124. to smile.

FLOURIETS, Vol. 1. 104. young blossoms, young spring-
ing flowers.

To FOIN, to push in fencing.

To FOREDO, to undo, to overcome, to lay violent hands
upon.

To FOREFEND, to prevent, to forbid.

To FORESLOW, to delay.

FORTED, Vol. 2. 64. fortified, secure.

FORTIN, Vol. 5. 28. a little Fort raised to defend a
Camp, particularly in a siege where the principal quarters
are joined by lines defended by Fortins and Redoubts; A
French word.

A FOSSET or FAUCET, a tap or peg of a barrel. *Fr.*
Faussette.

FOYSON or FOIZON, Plenty, especially of fruits of the
earth. *Fr. Foison.*

FRANK'D UP, Vol. 6. 194. shut up in a Frank, which
is a Sty for feeding a Boar.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

A FRANKLIN, a Country Freeholder.

To FRUSH, Vol. 8. 230. to break, bruise, or crush. Fr. *Froisser*.

FULHAMS, Vol. 1. 193. a Cant-word for false Dice both high and low, taken probably from the name of the first Inventor or the Place where they were first made. The word is used and hath the same sense in *Hudibras*, Part 2. Cant. 1. v. 642. And in *Don Quixot* fol. ed. 1687. translated by *Philips*, part 2d book 3d chap. 16. *I am no Paumer, no big-and-low-Fulbam-man.* See also *North's Examen.* p. 108.

G

A GABARDINE, the coarse frock of a shepherd or fisherman or any Peasant: thence also any loose Cassock. Ital. *Gavardina*.

GAIN-GIVING, Vol. 9. 181. the same as misgiving, a giving-against: as gain-saying, which is still in use, is saying against or contradicting.

A GALLIMAUFRY, Vol. 4. 60. an hoch-poch or haub of several sorts of broken meat, a medly. Fr. *Galimafrée*.

To GALLOW, Vol. 4. 137. to scare, to frighten.

GALLOWS, Vol. 2. 321. a Knave, one fit for the Gallows. *Skinner*.

GALLOWGLASSES, Vol. 6. 77. Soldiers among the wild *Irish*, who serve on horseback.

GARBOILS, Vol. 7. 254. disorders, tumults, uproars.

GAR SH, gaudy, glaring, flaunting.

GASTED, Vol. 4. 119. as aghasted, frightened, dismayed.

A GAUDE, a toy, a trifle.

GEAR or GEER, stuff.

A GECK, a bubble easily impos'd upon. To GECK is to Cheat.

GERMIN, the first sprouting of seed or of a branch. Lat. *Germen*.

GESTS, noble actions or exploits: a word so used by *Chaucer* and *Spencer*. Lat. *Res gestæ* or *Gesta*.

GESTE, Vol. 4. 7. the roll or journal of the several days and stages prefix'd in the progresses of our Kings: many

A GLOSSARY, &c.

of them being still extant in the Herald's office. Fr.
Giste or Gîte.

A GIBBE, any old worn-out useless Animal.

GIGLETS or GIGLOTS, Wanton Women, Strumpets.

GIMMAL or GIMBALD or JYMOLD; this word *Skinner* interprets only as applied to a ring consisting of two or more rounds, and thence derives it from the French *Gammeau* and the Latin *Gemellus*: a *Jymold bitt* therefore, Vol. 5. 231. may well be taken in that sense from the little rings often annex'd to bitts to play in the horse's mouth: but *Gimmals*, Vol. 5. 269. carries a more general signification, such as the word *Gim-cracks* has now, viz. some little quaint devices or pieces of Machinery.

A GLAIVE, a cutting Sword, a Cimeterre; used also by *Spencer*: a French word.

To GLEEK, to joke, jeer or scoff.

To GLOSE, to flatter, to collögue.

To GLOSS, Vol. 5. 181. to interpret, to comment upon.
Fr. *Glöser*.

GODILD you! God shield you!

GOSSOMER or GOSSAMOUR, the long white cobwebs which fly in the Air in calm sunny weather, especially about the time of Autumn.

GOJERES, the French disease (*lues venerea*) from the French word *Gouje*, which signifies a common Camp-Trull, as *Goujer* signifies a man who deals with such Prostitutes. These words *Gouje* and *Goujer* being used as common terms of reproach among the vulgar, and because that loathsome disease was first brought from the siege of *Naples* about the Year 1495. by the French Army and the Women who followed it, and was by them dispersed over all Europe, therefore the first name it got among us was the *Goujeres*; the disease of the *Gouje's*.

GOURD, Vol. 1. 193. a large fruit so called, which is often scoop'd hollow for the purpose of containing and carrying wine and other liquors: from thence any leathern bottle grew to be called by the same name, and so the word is used by *Chaucer*.

GOUTS, Vol. 8. 91. Drops. Fr. *Gouttes*.

GRATULATE, Vol. 2. 79. Fit for Gratulation.

GRICE

A GLOSSARY, &c.

GRICE or GRISE, or GRIECE, or GREEZE, Steps, Stairs. Fr. *Gress*.

GRIMALKIN, a name given to a Cat.

GRIME, dirt, filth.

A GROUNDLING, Vol. 9. 133. a fish which keeps at the bottom of the water: Hence one of the low vulgar.

GUARDE, the hem or welt of a garment: also, any lace or galloon upon the seams or borders of it. To GUARD, to lace over, to adorn.

GUERDON, Reward: an old *French* word now disused.

GYVES, Shackles.

H

To HACK, Vol. 1. 198. to hackney, to turn Hackney or Prostitute.

An HAGGARD, Vol. 2. 161. a wild Hawk.

To HARP, Vol. 8. 115. to seize, to lay hold of. Fr. *Harper*.

HARPER, Vol. 8. 113. a name given by the Witches to some of their mischievous Imps.

To HARRY, Vol. 7. 288. to hare, to ruffle. Fr. *Harer*.

To HATCH, Vol. 8. 155. a term in drawing, to shade off and finish with the fine strokes of a Pen.

A HAVING (a substantive) is very frequently used for a possession in any thing.

HEFTS, Vol. 4. 21. the same as Heavings.

HELMED, Vol. 2. 46. guided, conducted.

A HENCHMAN, Vol. 1. 77. a Page.

To HEND, to seize, to lay hold of: also, to hem in, to surround.

HESTS or BEHESTS, Commands.

HIGHT, named or called: or, is named or called.

HILDING or HINDERLING, base, degenerate, set at naught.

To HOCKLE, to hamstring, to cut the sinews about the ham or hough.

HOLDING sometimes signifies the burthen or chorus of a song.

HOLLIDAM, Vol. 3. 144. holy dame, blessed Lady.

HOSE, Vol. 2. 308. Breeches. Fr. *Chaussettes*, or *Haut-de-chaussettes*.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

To **HULL**, Vol. 6. 313. to float, to drive to and fro upon the water without Sails or Rudder.

To **HURTLE**, to skirmish, to clash, to run against any thing, to juggle, to meet in shock and encounter. Fr. *Heurter*. Ital. *Urtare*.

An **HYEN**, Vol. 3. 56. or **HYENA**, an Animal of which many wonderful things are told, among which one is, that it can imitate the voice and laughter of Men.

I

JESSES, a term in falconry : short straps of leather tied about the legs of an Hawk, with which she is held on the fist.

IMBOST, Vol. 3. 195. a hunting term ; when a Deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imbost*. A Dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground) will have his knees swell'd, and then he is said to be *imbost* : from the French word *Bosse* which signifies a tumour.

IMPORTANCE, Vol. 3. 294. the same as Importunity.

IMPORTANT, the same as Importunate.

An **INDIGEST**, Vol. 4. 250. a Chaos, (*rudis indigestaque moles*.)

INDUCTION, Vol. 5. 43. the same as introduction : also, inducement.

To **INHERIT**, Vol. 4. 257. to possess. It has the same sense in other places.

To **INSCONCE**, Vol. 1. 221. to cover as with a fort, to secure.

INTRENCHANT, Vol. 8. 136. incroaching. *The intrenchant air* means the air which suddenly incroaches and closes upon the space left by any body which had pass'd through it.

JYMOLD, see GIMMAL.

K

KAM, "Clean kam." Vol. 7. 125. crooked, athwart, awray, cross from the purpose. Ital. *a-schembo*. *Clean kam* is by vulgar pronunciation brought to *kim-kam*.

To **KEEL**, Vol. 2. 345. seems here to mean to drink to

A GLOSSARY, &c.

deep as to turn up the bottom of the pot ; like turning up the keel of a ship.

A KERN, an *Irish* Boor.

A KESTREL, Vol. 3. 233. a little kind of bastard hawk.

A KETCH, a tub, a cask. Fr. *Caque*.

KICKSY-WICKSY, Vol. 3. 179. a made word in ridicule and disdain of a Wife.

KINDLED, Vol. 3. 43. to kindle is the word for rabbits bringing forth their Young.

A KIRTLE, a woman's gown.

L

LABRA, Vol. 1. 187. a lip ; an *Italian* word.

To LAND-DAMM, Vol. 4. 24. probably this was a coarse expression in the cant-strain formerly in common use but since laid aside and forgotten, which meant the *taking away a man's life*. For *Land* or *Lant* is an old word for *Urine*, and to stop the common passages and functions of Nature is to *kill*.

LATTEN, Vol. 1. 187. a factitious metal. Fr. *Letan* or *Laiton*.

LAUND, the same as Lawn, a plain extended between woods. Fr. *Lande*.

LAVOLTA, an old dance, in which was much turning, and much capering. Fr. *La volte*.

A LEASH, a leathern thong, by which a Falconer holds his Hawk or a Courser leads his Greyhound. Ital. *Laccio*.

To LECH, Vol. 1. 91. to lick over. Fr. *Lécher*.

To LEECH, to cure. A LEECH, a Physician.

LEER, or LEAR, Earth, Mold.

A LEMAN, a sweet heart, a gallant, or a mistress. Fr. *L'aimant*, *L'aimante*.

A LIBBARD, Vol. 2. 336. a Leopard.

LIEF, dear, beloved.

A LINSTOCK, a staff of wood with a match at the end of it used by Gunners in firing Cannon.

LITHER, Vol. 5. 319. soft, mild.

A LOB, Vol. 1. 74. a lubber, a looby.

LOCKRAM, a sort of coarse linnen.

LOGGATS, Vol. 9. 171. the ancient name of a play or game,

A GLOSSARY, &c.

game, which is one among the unlawful games enumerated in the Stat. 33. H. 8. It is the same which is now called Kittle-pins, in which Boys often make use of bones instead wooden pins, throwing at them with another bone instead of bowling.

LOZELL, a lazy lubber.

A LUCE, Vol. 1. 183. a Pike or Jack.

LUNES, fits of Lunacy or frenzy, mad freaks. The French say of a Man who is but fantastical and whimsical, *Il a des lunes*.

LUSH, Vol. 1. 21. of a dark deep full Colour, opposite to pale and faint. Fr. *Louche*.

LUSTICK, Vol. 3. 172. lusty: a Dutch word.

LUSTROUS, Vol. 3. 165. full of lustre.

LYM, Vol. 4. 146. a lime-hound: *J. Caius* derives the name from *Lyemme*, which is an old word signifying a strap or thong with which Dogs are led.

M

MAIL'd, Vol. 6. 35. cloath'd or cover'd as with armour.

MALICHO, Vol. 9. 136. a wicked act, a piece of iniquity. Span. *Malhecho*.

To MAMMER, Vol. 9. 231. to hesitate, to stand in suspense. The word often occurs in old *English* writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'amour* which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer.

A MAMMET, a puppet, a figure dress'd up.

MAMMUCCIO, Vol. 2. 301. the same as MAMMET. Ital. *Mammuccia*.

MANOUR or MAINOUR or MAYNOUR, an old Law-term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*, Lat. *manu tractare*) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or as we say, *in the fact*. The expression is much used in the Forest Laws. See *Manwood's* Edition in quarto 1665. p. 292. where it is spelt *manner*.

MAPPERY, Vol. 8. 159. the art of planning and designing.

To

A GLOSSARY, &c.

TO MATE, Vol. 8. 129. to confound, to overcome, to subdue. *Spem.*

A MAUKIN or MALKIN, a kind of Mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping Ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dress'd up: thence a dirty wench.

A MAZZARD, Vol. 9. 171. a jaw. Fr. *Maschoire.*

A MEACOCK, Vol. 3. 107. an uxorious or effeminate man.

MEED most frequently stands for Reward: but it is sometimes used for Merit: as Vol. 6. 157. and Vol. 7. 13. See also *Minshew.*

MEERED, Vol. 7. 301. relating to a boundary: MEER being a boundary or mark of division.

A MEINY, Vol. 4. 127. a retinue, domestick servants. Fr. *Mesnie.*

TO MELL, Vol. 3. 207. to mix, to mingle. Fr. *Mêler.*

MEPHOSTOPHILUS, the name of an infernal Spirit in the old fabulous history of Dr. *Faustus.*

A MICHER, Vol. 5. 40. a lazy loiterer, who sculks about in corners and by-places and keeps out of sight: a hedge-creeper.

MICHING, Vol. 9. 136. secret, covered, lying hid.

A MINNOW, the smallest of fishes.

MISPRISED, sometimes it signifies mistaken, from the French verb *mesprendre*: sometimes undervalued or disdained, from the French verb *mépriser.*

A MISPRISION, a mistake.

MODERN, common, ordinary, vulgar.

A MOLDWARP, a mole.

A MOME, Vol. 2. 99. a dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatsoever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *Mum!* for silence.

MULL'D, Vol. 7. 146. soften'd and dispirited as Wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus.*

A MUMMER, Vol. 7. 97. a Masker. MUMMERIE, Masquerading. Fr. *Momerie.*

A

A GLOSSARY, &c.

A MURE, Vol. 1. 115. and Vol. 5. 150. a Wall. Lat. *Murus.*

MURK, Darknefs. MURRY, dark.

A MUSKET, a male hawk of a small kind, the female of which is the sparrow-hawk : so that *Eyas Musket*, Vol. 1. 218. is a young unfledg'd male Hawk of that kind. Fr. *Mouchèt.*

A MUSS, Vol. 7. 303. a scramble.

N

NAYWARD, "to th' nayward," Vol. 4. 22. to the side of denial, towards the saying Nay.

A NAY-WORD, Vol. 3. 250. the same as By-word : a word of contempt ; also a word secretly agreed upon, as among soldiers, for the distinguishing friends from foes.

A NEAFE or NEIFE or NEIVE, a fist.

A NEB, Vol. 4. 12. the bill or beak of a bird.

NICK, Vol. 1. 165. Jest, Mockery. Thence the word Nick-name from the Brit. *Niq.* see *Diction. de Trevoux.*

A NOLE, Vol. 1. 91. a Noddle.

O

OEILIADS, Vol. 4. 158. Glances. Fr. *Oeillades.*

An OPAL, Vol. 3. 254. a precious stone reflecting almost all colours. Fr. *Opale.* Lat. *Opalus.*

ORGILLOUS, Vol. 8. (Prol. to *Tr.* and *Cress.*) Proud. Fr. *Orgueilleux.*

ORTS, scraps, fragments, leavings.

OSPREY, Vol. 7. 152. the Sea-Eagle, of which it is reported, that when he hovers in the Air, all the fish in the water underneath turn up their bellies and lye still for him to sieze which he pleases. One of the names of this bird is *Offisfraga*, from which by corruption is deduced *Osprey.* See *Gesner*, and *William Turner.* The Name in *Pliny* is *Haliaetos.*

An OSTENT, a shew, an outward appearance. Lat. *Osientus.*

To OVERWHEN, to reach beyond the truth of any thing in thought : especially in the opinion of a man's self.

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A GLOSSARY, &c.

OUPHE, the same as *Elfe*, from which it is a Corruption,
a Fairy, a Hobgoblin.

OUPHEN, Elfish, of fairy-kind.

An **OUZLE**, a blackbird.

OWCHES, Vol. 5. 115. Boffes or Buttons of Gold. The
word is mention'd in an old Statute of *Hen. 8.* made againit
excess in apparel, it is also used by *Chaucer* and *Spencer*.

To **OWE** is very frequently used for, Possess: to be the
Owner of: especially where the Author would imply an
absolute right or property in the thing possess'd.

P

A **PADDOCK**, a toad.

PALABRAS, Vol. 2. 173. o' my word. Span. *D^a Pa-
labra.* . *Pocas Palabras.* Vol. 3. 77. few words.

A **PALLIAMENT**, Vol. 8. 10. a Robe. Ital. *Paliamento.*

A **PANTALON**, Vol. 3. 33. a man's garment antiently
worn, in which the breeches and stockings were all of a
piece. Fr. *Pantalon.*

A **PANTLER**, the officer in a great family who keeps the
bread. Fr. *Panetier.*

To **PARAGON**, to compare. Fr. *Paragonner*: also, to
equal, Vol. 9. 210.

A **PARAGON**, a compleat Model or Pattern.

A **PARATOR**, the same as Apparator or Apparitor: an
officer belonging to the Spiritual Courts, who carries sum-
mons and serves proccesses.

To **PARGET**, Vol. 7. 332. to daub or plaister over.

PARTLET, Vol. 4. 30. a name given to a Hen: the ori-
ginal signification being a ruff or band or covering for the
Neck.

A **PASH**, Vol. 4. 10. a kiss. Span. *Paz.* *La paz de
Judat* is a phrase with the *Spaniards*, by which they ex-
press treachery.

To **PASH**, to dash.

A **PELT**, a Skin or Hide. Lat. *Pellis.*

PELTING (a pelting Village, a pelting Farm) has the same
sense as beggarly. There is a rot among Sheep, particu-
larly called the *Pelt-rot*; which is, when the Sheep from
poverty and ill keeping first lose their wool and then dye.

PERDY,

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- PERDY, Vol. 4. 128. an oath. Fr. *par Dieu*.
- PERIAPTS, Vol. 5. 324. Amulets: charms worn as preservatives against diseases or mischief. Gr. *περίπτεον*, *pro amuleto appendo*, Steph.
- A PET, a lamb taken into the House, and brought up by hand; a Cade-lamb.
- A PETAR, Vol. 9. 151. a kind of little Cannon filled with powder, and used for the breaking down the gates of a town, and for countermining. Fr. *Petard*.
- PICKED, sharp, smart. Fr. *Piqué*.
- PIGHT, pitch'd, placed, fixed.
- A PILCHER, Vol. 9. 44. a furr'd gown or case, any thing lined with furr.
- PIN, Vol. 4. 142. a horny induration of the membranes of the Eye.
- A PIX, Vol. 5. 213. a little chest or box wherein the consecrated Host is kept in Roman-Catholick-Countries. Lat. *Pixis*.
- PLANCHED GATE, Vol. 2. 50. a Gate of boards.
- To PLASH, Vol. 1. 7. to reduce into order the largest and most riotous plants in a hedge by cutting deep into their bodies to make them bend down, and then inter-weaving them with the lower parts of the hedge. The original and true word is to *Pleach* by vulgar use pronounced *Plash*.
- To PLEACH, to twist together, to interweave.
- POINT-DEVICE, Vol. 3. 44. exact to the greatest nicety. Fr. *A points devisés*: the expression is used by *Chaucer*.
- POLL'D, Vol. 7. 145. shaven.
- POMANDER, Vol. 4. 68. a little round ball of Perfumes. Fr. *Pomme d'Ambre*.
- POMWATER, Vol. 2. 302. a very large apple.
- A PRECISSIAN, Vol. 1. 197. one who professes great sanctity, a ghostly father, a spiritual guide.
- PRIME, Vol. 9. 240. prompt; from the Celtique or British *Prim*.
- PRIMERO, a game at Cards. Span. *Primera*.
- A PRISER, Vol. 3. 22. a Prize-fighter.
- PROFACÉ, Vol. 5. 164. much good may do you! Ital. *Profaccia*.

To

A GLOSSARY, &c.

TO PROPEND, Vol. 3. 172. to lean more, to incline more favourably. Lat. *Propendeo*.

PROPERTIES, a term much used at the Playhouses for the habits and implements necessary for the representation; and they who furnish them are called *Property-Men*. This seems to have arisen from that sense of the word *Property*, which signifies a Blind, a Tool, a Stalking-Horse.

A PUTTOCK, a Kite.

Q

A QUAB, Vol. 9. 265. a Gudgeon, (*Gobio capitatus*. Skin.) and a gudgeon is often used in a figurative sense for a soft easy fool ready to swallow any bait laid for him.

TO QUAIL, to droop, to languish, to faint.

QUATCH, Vol. 3. 170. squat or flat.

QUEAZY, Vol. 4. 117. sickish, nauseating.

A QUELL, Vol. 8. 89. a murderous conquest. In the common acceptation to quell signifies to subdue any way, but it comes from a *Saxon* word, which signifies to kill.

A QUERN, a churn; also a mill.

QUESTS, Vol. 4. 156. lamentations. Lat. *Questus*.

A QUESTANT or QUESTER, one who goes in quest of any thing.

QUILL, ("deliver our supplications in quill," Vol. 6. 15.) this may be supposed to have been a Phrase formerly in use, and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *Quille* in French is a Nine-Pin, and in some parts of England Nine-Pins are still call'd *Cayls*, which word is used in the Statute 33 Hen. 8. c. 9. *Quille* in the old British language also signifies any piece of wood set upright.

QUILLETS, quibbles, querks, subtleties.

QUIPS, Vol. 1. 164. gibes, flouts.

A QUINTAIN, Vol. 3. 15. a post, or the figure of a Man set up in Wood for the purpose of military exercises, throwing darts, breaking lances, or running a tilt against it. Fr. *Quintaine*.

TO QUOTE, to understand, to interpret, to rate, to estimate.

VOL. IX.

C c

RA-

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- RABATO**, Vol. 2. 170. an ornament for the Neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*. *Menage* saith it comes from *rabattre* to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turn'd back towards the shoulders.
- The RACK**, Vol. 7. 318. and Vol. 9. 124. the course or driving of the Clouds.
- RAIED**, blotted, stained, fouled: the same as Beraied, to which is the term more known of late days. Fr. *Rayé*.
- RAUGHT**, the same as reached.
- To RAVIN**, to snatch or devour greedily.
- A RAZE** of ginger, Vol. 5. 22. this is the *Indian* word for a bale, and must be distinguish'd from *Race*, which signifies a single root of ginger.
- REAR-MICE** or **RERE-MICE**, bats.
- A RECHEATE**, Vol. 2. 139. a particular lesson upon the horn to call dogs back from the scent; from the old *French* word *Receet*, which was used in the same sense as *Retraite*.
- RECHLESS** or **RECKLESS**, regardless, negligent.
- To RECK**, to regard, to care.
- REECHY** or **REEKY**, smoaky or soiled with smোক; thence also sweaty or filthy with sweat.
- REED**, Lesson, doctrine, counsel.
- REGUERDON**, Vol. 5. 298. Recompence.
- To RENEGE**, Vol. 4. 123. to renounce. Span. *Renegar*.
- RIBAUD**, debauch'd, abandon'd, prostituted. Fr. *Ribaud*.
- RIBI**, Vol. 5. 32. drink away! *Italian*. The imperative mood of *Ribere* which is the same as *Ribévere*, to drink again.
- RIGGISH**, wanton.
- RIGOL**, Vol. 5. 152. a circle: from the *Ital.* *Rigolo*, which signifies a little round wheel or trundle.
- ROISTING**, Vol. 8. 172. blustering, swaggering.
- A ROOD**, a Cross.
- A ROWSE**, Vol. 9. 93. the same as a Carowse.
- ROYNISH**, mangy, scabby. Fr. *Rogueux*.

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A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

A RUDDOCK, Vol. 8. 302. a robin red breast.
 RUDESBY, Vol. 3. 279. rude companion, rude fellow !
 A RUNNION, or RONYON, a scabby or mangy man or woman. Fr. *Rogneux* and *Rogneuse*.
 RUTH, Pity, compassion.

S

SACRING-BELL, Vol. 6. 329. the little bell, which is rung in the procession of the Host to give notice of its approach, or to call to some holy office. From the French word *Sacrer*, to consecrate or dedicate to the service of God.

SAD is frequently used for grave, sober, serious.
 To SAGG is (properly) to sink on one side as weights do when they are not balanced by equal weights on the other.

A SALLET or SALADE, Vol. 6. 78. a helmet. Span. *Celada*. Fr. *Salade*.

SALTIER, Vol. 4. 59. a term in Heraldry, one of the Ordinaries in form of St. Andrew's cross.

SANDED, Vol. 1. 106. of a sandy colour, which is one of the colours belonging to a true blood-hound.

SAN DOMINGO, Vol. 5. 165. St. Dominick, Span.

SANS, without, a French word.

A SAW, a wise saying, a proverb.

'SAY, Vol. 4. 175. Essay. Fr. *Essai*.

To SCAN, to canvass, to examine, to weigh and consider well any business.

SCARFED, Vol. 2. 226. pieced or jointed close together; a term used by the Ship-builders.

SCATH, harm, mischief. SCATHFUL, mischievous.

A SCONCE, a fort, a fortress; also, a man's head.

To SCOTCH, to hack, to bruise, to crush. Ital. *Sciacciare*.

SCROYLES, Vol. 4. 200. the disease call'd the King's evil. Fr. *Escrouelles*; here given as a name of contempt and abuse to the men of *Angiers*; as we sometimes scurrilously call men Scabs.

To SCUTCH, Vol. 5. 134. to switch, to whip, to scourge. Ital. *Scuticare*.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- SEAM, Vol. 8. 177. Tallow, Fat.
 A SEA-MALL, Vol. 1. 34. a kind of Gull, a bird haunting the sea-coasts.
 To SEEL, Vol. 8. 105. a term in falconry, to run a silk through the eye-lids of a young hawk, and to draw them near together in order to make the hawk bear a hood.
 SESSA or SESSEY, Peace, be quiet. Lat. *Cessa*.
 A SHARD, Vol. 7. 285. a tile or broken piece of a tile: thence figuratively a scale or shell upon the back of any Creature. The *Shard-born Beetle* means the Beetle that is born up by wings hard and glazed like a Pot-sheard.
 SHARDED, scaled.
 To SHARK UP, Vol. 9. 88. to pick up in a thievish manner. Fr. *Cerberer*.
 SHEEN, clear, bright; also brightness, lustre: used in both senses by *Spencer*.
 To SHEND, to blame, to reprove, to disgrace, to evil-intreat.
 A SHIVE, Vol. 8. 21. a slice.
 A SHOWGHE, Vol. 8. 102. a rough-coated dog, a shock.
 SHRIFT, confession. To SHRIVE, to confess.
 A SIEGE, a seat: also, Vol. 1. 32. the fundament of a man, in which sense the *French* often use it; *Mal au siege: une fistule au siege*.
 SIZES, Vol. 4. 131. certain portions of bread, beer or other victuals, which in publick societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in the Colleges of the Universities.
 SIZED, Vol. 9. 124. bedawbed as with Size, which is a glewish composition used by painters. Ital. *Sisa*.
 To SKIRR, to scour about a country.
 SLEADED or SLEDED, Vol. 9. 87. carried on a sled or sledge.
 SLOP, wide-knee'd breeches.
 SLOUGH, an husk, an outward skin.
 SMIRCH'D, Vol. 2. 169. smeared, daubed, dirtied.
 To SNEAP, to check, to snub, to rebuke.
 SOOTH, true or truth: also, Vol. 4. 300. Adulation, in the sense of the verb to sooth.
 To SOWLE, Vol. 7. 145. to lug or pull.

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A GLOSSARY, &c.

A SOWTER, Vol. 3. 258. a Cobler. Lat. *Sutor*. In this passage it is intended as the name of a Dog.

To SPERR, Vol. 8. Prol. to *Tr.* and *Gress.* to bolt, to barricado, or any ways fasten.

SPLEEN is often used for a sudden start, a hasty motion, a momentary quickness.

A SPRAY, a young tender shoot or branch of a tree.

SPURS, the fibres of a root.

To SQUARE, to jar, to wrangle or quarrel. For the derivation see the next word.

A SQUARER, Vol. 2. 135. a swaggering blade. This word is taken from the *French* phrase, *se quarrer*, which signifies to strut with arms a-kembo, (*ansatus incedere*) an action which denotes a character of an hectoring Bragadochio. The *French* say, *Les jeuns fanfarons se quarrent en marchant*.

A SQUIER, Vol. 2. 334. the same as a square.

A STANYEL, Vol. 3. 258. otherwise called a Ring-tail, a kind of buzzard, or kite.

STATION, Vol. 9. 147. Attitude, Presence, Person.

A STATIST, Vol. 9. 178. A Statesman. Ital. *Statista*.

A STAY, Vol. 4. 202. a let, a stop, an impediment.

To STEAD, or **STED**, to serve, to help.

STICKLER-LIKE, Vol. 8. 232. Sticklers were Seconds appointed in a duel to see fair play, who parted the Combatants when they thought fit: and this being done by interposing with a Stick, from thence came the Name.

STIGMATICAL, Vol. 2. 110. branded with marks of disgrace. Lat. *Stigmaticus*.

A STITHY, an Anvil. **To STITHY**, to beat upon an Anvil.

STOCCATA, Vol. 9. 44. a thrust in fencing; an *Italian* word.

A STOLE, a robe, a long garment, a mantle, a woman's gown: used also by *Spencer*. Lat. *Stola*.

To SUGGEST, to prompt or egg on, Vol. 4. 258. and 304.

SUMPTER, Vol. 4. 132. a beast which carries necessities on a journey.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

SURCEASE, Vol. 8. 87. this generally signifies the suspension of any act, but in this passage it stands for the total ceasing after the final execution of it. Fr. *Surseoir*.

A SWABBER, Vol. 3. 242. an inferior officer in a ship, whose business it is to keep the ship clean.

T

A TABOURINE, Vol. 7. 314. a Drum. Fr. *Tabourin*.

To TAKE, to blast, to strike with infection. Fr. *Attaquer*.

TALL is very frequently used for eminent, notable, considerable.

To TARR ON, to provoke, to urge, as they set on dogs to fight.

A TASSEL-GENTLE, Vol. 9. 31. a particular kind of Hawk, the male of the Faulcon. In strictness it should be spelt *Tiercel-gentle*. Fr. *Tiercelet*.

TEEN, trouble, grief.

TESTED, Vol. 2. 28. tried, put to the test.

A TETHER, a long rope with which horses are tied to confine their feeding to a certain compass, and prevent their trespassing farther.

THEWES, sinews, muscles, bodily strength.

THIRDBOROUGH, the same as Headborough or Constable.

THRIFT, Thrift, Thriving, Success.

TINY, small, slender. Lat. *Tenuis*.

To TOZE, Vol. 4. 71. to break in pieces, to draw out, or pull asunder, as they do Wool by carding it to make it soft. Ital. *Tozzare*: thence figuratively, by artful insinuations to draw out the secrets of a man's thoughts.

To TRAMELL UP, Vol. 8. 87. to stop: A metaphor taken from a Tramel-net which is used to be put cross a river from bank to bank, and catches all the fish that come, suffering none to pass. Fr. *Tramail*.

TRICK is a word frequently used for the Air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice or gesture, which distinguishes it from others.

TRICKSEY, dainty, curious, sleight.

TRIGON, Vol. 5. 120. a term in Astrology, when three signs

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- figs of the same nature and quality meet in a trine aspect.
- TROLL-MADAM**, Vol. 4. 49. a Game commonly call'd Pigeon-holes.
- TROUSERS**, Vol. 5. 218. a kind of breeches wide and tucked up high, such as are still worn in the robes of the order of the Garter. *Fr. Trouffe*: but "strait Trousers" in this passage has a jesting sense and means the natural skin without any breeches.
- To TRUSS**, Vol. 6. 100. is a term in Falconry, when a Hawk near the ground raiseth a fowl and soaring upwards with it seizeth it in the air.
- To TRY**, Vol. 1. 4. a term in sailing: a ship is said to Try when she hath no more sails abroad but her Main-sail, when her tacks are close aboard, the bowlings set up and the sheets haled close aft, when also the helm is tied close down to the board and so she is let lye in the sea.
- TUB-FAST**, Vol. 7. 47. the ancient discipline of the sweating-tub and fasting for the cure of the French disease.
- TUCKET**, a Prelude or Voluntary in Musick, a flourish of Instruments. *Ital. Toccata.*
- TURLURU**, Vol. 4. 126. a Crack-brain, a Fool, a Tom of Bedlam: an *Italian* word.

V

- To VAIL**, to let down, to drop, to sloop.
- VANTBRACE**, Vol. 8. 161. defensive armour for the Arm. *Fr. Avant-bras.*
- VARY**, Vol. 4. 123. variation, change.
- VAUNT-COURIERS**, Vol. 4. 137. Fore-runners. *Fr. Avant-coureurs.*
- VAWARD**, Vol. 1. 105. the same as van-guard, the first line of an Army: and from thence the forward or leading part of any thing.
- VELURE**, Vol. 3. 114. Velvet. *Fr. Velours.*
- VENEW**, Vol. 2. 319. a rest or bout in fencing.
- A VENTIGE**, Vol. 9. 142. a vent or passage for Air. *Fr. Ventouse.*

VIA!

A GLOSSARY, &c.

VIA! Vol. 1. 206. away! an *Italian* word.

VICE, "Vice's dagger," Vol. 5. 134. and "Like the old Vice," Vol. 3. 283. This was the name given to a droll figure heretofore much shewn upon our Stage and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long Jerkin, a fool's cap with Asses-ears and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouche. *Minsheu* and others of our more modern Criticks strain hard to find out the Etymology of this word and fetch it from the *Greek*: probably we need look no farther for it than the old *French* word *Vis*, which signified the same as *Visage* does now: From this in part came *Visdase* a word common among them for a fool, which *Ménage* says is but a corruption from *Vis d'asne* the face or head of an Ass. It may be imagin'd therefore that *Visdase* or *Vis d'asne* was the name first given to this foolish theatrical figure, and that by vulgar use it was shorten'd down to plain *Vis* or *Vice*.

To **VICE**, Vol. 4. 18. to hold fast as with an Instrument call'd a Vice.

UMBER, a colour used by Painters, a dark Yellow.

UNANNEAL'D, Vol. 9. 105. unprepared. To *anneal* or *neal* in its primary and proper sense is to prepare metals or glass by the force of fire for the different uses of the manufacturers in them: and this is here applied by the Author in a figurative sense to a dying person, who when prepared by impressions of piety, by repentance, confession, absolution, and other acts of Religion, may be said to be *anneal'd* for death.

UNANOINTED, Vol. 9. 105. not having received extreme unction.

UNBARBED, Vol. 7. 129. bare, uncover'd. In the times of Chivalry when a horse was fully armed and accoutered for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *Barbe* which *Chaucer* uses for a Veil or Covering.

UNBATED, Vol. 9. 167. unabated, unblunted.

UNBOLTED, Vol. 4. 122. unsifted.

UNBRAIDED, Vol. 4. 56. unfaded, fresh.

UN-

A GLOSSARY, &c.

UNBREECH'D, Vol. 4. 11. not yet in breeches, a boy in coats.

UNCHARY, Vol. 3. 273. careless.

UNHOUSEL'D, Vol. 9. 105. without having received the Sacrament. *Housel* is a *Saxon* word for the Eucharist, which seems derived from the Latin *Eosiola*.

UNNEATH, hardly, scarcely.

An URCHIN, an Hedge-hog, which was reckon'd among the Animals used by Witches as their familiars: hence figuratively, a little unlucky mischievous boy or girl.

UTAS or UTIS, Vol. 5. 114. the eighth and last day of a festival, for so long the great festivals were accounted to last, the conclusion being kept with more than ordinary merriment: from the Fr. *Huit*.

To th' UTTERANCE, Vol. 8. 101. to the utmost, to all extremity. Fr. *à Outrance*. At UTT'RANCE, Vol. 8. 273. at all extremity.

W

To WAGE, to combat with, to enter into conflict with, to encounter.

WAPED or WAPID, Vol. 7. 46. mournful, sorrowful. *Chaucer*.

To WARP, to contract, to shrink.

WASSEL or WASSAILE, the merriment of twelfth night with a great bowl carried about from house to house: the word is compounded of two *Saxon* words signifying, *health be to you!* a WASSEL-CANDLE, Vol. 5. 98. is a candle larger than ordinary used at that ceremony.

A WEB, Vol. 4. 142. a spot in the Eye injurious to the sight.

A WEED, Vol. 1. 81. a garment.

To WEEN, to think.

To WEET, to know.

WEIRD, the *Scotch* word for persons dealing in Sorcery, whether Wizards or Witches.

WELKIN, the firmament or sky.

WELKING, Vol. 4. 10. languishing, faint.

To WEND, to go.

WHELK'D

A GLOSSARY, &c.

WHELK'D, Vol. 4. 161. a Whelk is such a rising tumour upon the skin as the lash of a whip or switch leaves behind it.

WHIFFLER, Vol. 5. 247. an officer who walks first in processions or before persons in high stations upon occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in the city of *London*, and there is an officer so call'd who walks before their Companies at times of publick solemnity. It seems a corruption from the *French* word *Huiffier*.

WHINNID, Vol. 8. 164. crooked. *Minsheu* under the word *Whinneard* takes notice of this old word to *Whinnie* and interprets it (*incurvare*) to bend or make crooked.

A WHITTLE, a coarse blanket or mantle worn by the poorest sort.

To **WIS** or **WIST**, to know, to judge rightly of a thing.

A WITTOL, a Cuckold jealous and uneasy under his Wife's transgressions but not having spirit enough to restrain them.

WOE-BEGONE, overwhelmed with sorrow. *Spem*.

A WOLD, a down, an open hilly country.

WOOD or **WODE**, mad, frantick.

WREAK, revenge: **WREAKFULL**, revengeful.

WRIZLED, Vol. 5. 285. wrinkled.

Y

YARE, ready, nimble, quick.

YCLEPED, called, named.

Z

A ZANY, a merry Andrew, a Jack-pudding. *Ital. Zani*.

F I N I S.